

Langh 382 ^h/₇ /
3

Smith

THE
BANISHED MAN.
A NOVEL.

WILLIAM STUBBS

1841

THE
BANISHED MAN.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME III.

THE SECOND EDITION.

Alas ! poor country !
Almost afraid to know itself ! — It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave : where nothing—
But who knows nothing is once seen to smile :—
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air
Are made, not mark'd : where violent sorrow seems
A modern extacy ; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for whom—

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, JUN. AND W. DAVIES,
(SUCCESSORS TO MR. CADELL) IN THE STRAND.

1795.

THE
BANNISHED MAN

A NOVEL

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH

IN FOUR VOLUMES

LONDON



THE SECOND

Alas! poor country!
Alas! a land to know itself - is content
To call its own children, but our graves: what more
But to know it is content to know
The light and green and blue that the air
The world, the world: what more to know
A world, the world: the world is well
Is there something else to know -

LONDON

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, JUN. AND W. DAVIES,
(SUCCESSORS TO MR. CADELL) IN THE STRAND.

1792

THE

BANISHED MAN.

CHAP. I.

The famous Gratian, in his little book wherein he lays down maxims for a man's advancing himself at Court, advises his reader to associate himself with the fortunate, and to shun the unfortunate; which, notwithstanding the baseness of the precept to an honest mind, may have something useful in it to those who push their interest in the world.

ADDISON.

THE family at Eddisbury were, when Edward Ellefmere and D'Alonville arrived there, so occupied with the expectations of seeing Mr. Ellefmere, Lady Sophia, and their son, who were to be with them the next day, together with Lady Sophia's inseparable friend, Miss Milfington, that hardly any body seemed to perceive the return of the two

friends, unless it was Sir Maynard, who had sent for Edward, and who now required his attendance in the library, where he was shut up above an hour with his father. D'Alonville was entertained while he remained with the ladies, by being told of the consequence of their elder brother; the elegance and high fashion of Lady Sophia; and the uncommon accomplishments of Miss Milfington. D'Alonville listened as well and as long as he could; and endeavoured to prevent their perceiving that his mind was occupied by objects very different from those that had in their eyes so much importance.

He retired as soon as possible, under pretence of writing letters; and excused himself from supper, where, however, his friend was compelled to attend, and to hear and answer numberless questions from his mother and sisters, as to *what* he had done with himself; and *who* he had seen at Fernhurst. "I cannot imagine," said Miss Mary, "what you could do with

with your French friend—he seems tired to death here ; and what must he be at Captain Caverly's ? You are always saying, you know, brother Edward, that foreigners prefer the society of ladies ; but I see no signs of that disposition in this friend of your's. Perhaps, though, he might meet with *ladies* at the Captain's who suit him better."

"Fie, Mary !" cried Lady Ellesmere. "Surely, child, you forget yourself."

"Mary is perfectly right ;" answered Edward—"We *did* meet with ladies ; not indeed at my uncle's, but in his neighbourhood, whom we both thought, not *more* agreeable indeed than those we left at home, but, however, very agreeable."

"Aye, pray, who ? I did not think that part of the county had produced any thing extraordinary. I suppose the Aberdore family are hardly in the country at this time of the year," said Lady Ellesmere. "There is a family of the name of Denzil," said Ellesmere, "settled

tled in the neighbourhood, distant relations, it seems, of Lord Aberdore's; a lady and several sons and daughters." "Oh!" cried Miss Mary, "I recollect hearing something about them. Sister Elizabeth, those Misses are the girls that Mr. Sedgmoor and Mr. Wilkinson talked so much about, the end of last summer. They saw them at some assembly; and *bored* us to death with telling us I know not what about them. I asked Mr. Wenman afterwards, whether there was any thing so extraordinary about them, and he said no; that they were tolerable, but by no means what Mr. Sedgmoor (who is always wild after any new people he happens to meet with) described them."

"Denzil! Denzil!" said Sir Maynard; "the name is a respectable one."

"Yes, papa," interrupted Miss Mary, with quickness, "but I assure you these Misses are nobody of any consequence, and they have not the least fortune. Somehow or other they are related very,
very

very distantly, quite a hundred and twentieth cousinship to the late Lady Aberdore; and so as they were extremely distressed in their circumstances, my Lord lent them one of his farm-houses just to save their paying rent: but I heard that they hardly ever went to Darleston Park in the little time the family are down; and when they do, that it is quite in the style of dependants."

"You know more of them, I see, than I do;" said Ellefmere. "I rather wonder, Mary, how you come to be so well informed."

"Because those two men," answered she, "that silly booby Squire Sedgmoor, and Wilkinson his echo, and his led Captain, quite surfeited me with the fulsome praises they gave these miraculous Misses; and I was determined, whenever I saw Wenman, whose estates are just by, so that he knows all the people of the country, that I would make him tell me about them." Ellefmere, convinced that his sisters would give still

less credit to his French, than to his English acquaintance, let the conversation drop, and entered into the sort of discourse which they usually held when only their own family were assembled.

It was near seven the next evening before Mr. Ellefmere, Lady Sophia, and her friend arrived ; for though they slept on the road, the ladies had no notion of getting to Eddisbury before dinner. D'Alonville now saw for the first time the prodigy of talents and taste of whom he had heard so much. In her person there was not much attraction :—she was very tall, bony, and masculine ; and had features so coarse and large, that rouge, however judiciously applied, rather added to the strength than to the beauty of that expression of countenance on which she piqued herself. Her voice, naturally loud and hollow, she softened into something between a murmur and a whisper, by speaking through her half-shut teeth. The childish gaiety of her dress, which was always in the extremity
of

of fashion, with some little fanciful variation or addition of her own, would have been less remarkable in a girl under twenty, than when it was assumed by a woman whose age she herself allowed to be a *little* turned of thirty. There were indeed some ill-natured old folks who affected to recollect her first appearance in the world, and who scrupled not to affirm that she *might* have added twelve or fourteen years more to the account, without over-stepping the modesty of truth. The little, slight, made-up, insignificant figure of Lady Sophia, was an admirable contrast to the stupendous elegance of her friend, who engrossed much of the conversation, and talked of fashions, and news; what was doing among people of rank in town; and what the Duke said; and how Lady Georgina was dressed when she was presented; how Lord M——— won his wager; and how much the connoisseurs approved of the solo which Sir G. F—— composed himself. All which, however

heterogeneous, was so rapidly detailed, that nobody, who could be entertained with such anecdotes, could possibly think the dinner tedious; though both Edward Ellefmere and D'Alonville were convinced that it lasted above three hours. When Miss Milfington had exhausted the first collection of news and anecdote, the conversation was taken up by Mr. Ellefmere, who was solemn and sententious; and putting on a look of profound sagacity, spoke of alarms and apprehensions; of disaffected spirits, and turbulent partizans—the French had emissaries—the presbyterians were insidiously at work, and should be repressed in time—a sentiment, in which Sir Maynard heartily concurred; and began to relate to his son, with a degree of vehemence, which no other topic could excite, all the new reasons he had to detest his neighbour of that persuasion; whose recent offence was, having purchased another estate close to the park paling of Eddisbury Hall. Sir Maynard denounced

nounced them all ; and hoped to hear that means would soon be taken for their total extirpation. En attendant, however, the news which his eldest son took the earliest opportunity of communicating, was the most gratifying he could now hear ; for it was a confirmation that his long-depending negociation with Ministry was at length settled. He was to be brought into the House of Commons ; to have a pension of six hundred a year, and a cornetcy of horse for his brother Edward ; on condition only of the most perfect acquiescence in politics, whatever turn they might take ; and he declared, with great solemnity, that his interest, and his conscience, went hand in hand. Sir Maynard, who was happy beyond his hopes at this favourable turn in his son's affairs, and who foresaw from the talents he believed him to possess, the greatest probability of his rising to some very exalted station, was only concerned to know how he could acquit himself to the noble family to whom

whom he was allied, the father, uncles, and brothers of Lady Sophia; but he understood, with extreme satisfaction, that the whole house of G——— were making their terms, and would very soon join the party towards whom he had made the first advances, as a sort of avant courier. Sir Maynard, in whose bosom ambition only slumbered, was now elevated with the most sanguine hopes; and nothing could be more flattering to those hopes, than the preliminary article—*A comte of horse for Edward*—which had been slightly hinted at in Mr. Ellefmere's letters; and which was the subject of the conference held with him the evening before. Sir Maynard had then found his second son extremely anxious for the appointment; and he had now the pleasure of being assured, that little more remained to secure it to him than the king's signature, which would probably be procured in a few days. "But there is one thing, my dear Sir," said the sagacious elder brother, "which
you

you will allow me to touch upon. These are times when persons in *our* rank of life, and situated and connected as *we* are, should be particularly cautious; forming no friendships with characters in any degree equivocal: making no alliances which may, however remotely, call into question the correctness of our own principles. My brother is young, unguarded, and of course not aware, it may be, of all this. You will therefore understand *my* reasons for saying, that in *my* opinion, and according to the view *I* have taken of the matter, he is wrong in connecting himself so much as it appears he does, with French emigrants. They *may* be the people they call themselves:—men of fashion in their own country; and of good principles;—but they may not. People, as I observed before, cannot be too much upon their guard. Jacobin emissaries are about; and are so artful, that it is hardly possible to detect them. I *hope* Edward knows his acquaintance—yet I understand he

B 6

picked

picked him up on the road. I gave him indeed a hint or two, when I saw him with him in town, how proper it was to be well secure of this Monsieur D'Alonville, which I understand is a French name not very much known; but Edward either did not, or would not understand me."

Sir Maynard, by whom the wisdom of Solomon, and the politics of Machiavel, would have been despised, when the wisdom or the political sagacity of his eldest son were in contemplation, agreed with him entirely. "He said that the same thing had occurred to himself. That Edward was too fond a great deal of foreigners, and of new acquaintance; and though certainly this young Frenchman appeared very inoffensive, yet there was no knowing; and it was a nation celebrated for deceit."

Sir Maynard therefore agreed to give Edward a hint the first opportunity, that his hospitality to the chevalier D'Alonville, had extended far enough; and

and on the other hand, the profound Mr. Ellefmere engaged to find out, by means of Miss Milfington, who he really was. "For Miss Milfington," said he, "is so much acquainted with all foreigners of fashion in and about London, that when she comes to talk to him a little of people of a certain rank in his own country, it will be impossible for him to escape detection, if he is not what he calls himself."

In pursuance of this plan, D'Alonville was beset the next day by Miss Milfington, who soon discovered, or pretended to discover, that he was a man of real fashion, and of the most respectable connections. He was indeed eminently accomplished; and notwithstanding all the ridiculous affectations which disgusted as many as dared think for themselves, Miss Milfington was really qualified to judge of those accomplishments. Insensibly, from being engaged to find out who D'Alonville was, she discovered that he was very amiable; and became so fond

fond of him that she could not conceal her partiality. Personal beauty might possibly have its effect; and the unassuming manners of D'Alonville, who, though he was master of almost every science, was contented to listen to the dictatorial theories of the universal Miss Milington, flattered her vanity, and gratified her ambition of being considered by her wondering friends as omniscient. This experiment, however, was far from giving any pleasure to the sapient Mr. Ellefmere. The man whom he had before suspected as an impostor, he now disliked because he was applauded; and though Mr. Ellefmere's attention was directed to very different acquirements, he had a mind so narrow, that he hated to see any man excel, even in what he had never himself attempted.

D'Alonville, though wearied to death, was civil enough to attend whenever he was summoned to the harpsichord, where he could accompany at sight the most difficult lessons; and Miss Milington,

sington, who was really mistress of music, contrived to keep him so constantly engaged, that he had very little time to observe the cold and supercilious manners of Mr. Ellefmere towards him; but his friend Edward remarked it, and remarked it with impatience; and though many reasons concurred which made him desire to hasten his journey to the Continent, and he proposed with D'Alonville to quit Eddisbury in a few days, his generous spirit made him wish to have his arrogant elder brother understand, that he did not take his friend away one day sooner for his illiberal dislike to him. An opportunity of telling him so, failed not to offer itself. The two brothers were left alone after dinner, Sir Maynard being called out upon business; when the elder began such an harangue about forming troublesome connections, and the imprudence of youthful friendships, that Edward did not affect to doubt his meaning; and the subject was canvassed with so much asperity,

rity, that they parted in mutual displeasure; Edward resolutely adhering to his friend, of whom he spoke in the warmest terms; and his sage brother assuring him, with a magisterial air, and an affectation of cold and tranquil policy, "That as he got on in life, these boyish ebullitions would subside. What is this friendship," said he, "about which you declaim, my good brother Edward? Have men of a *certain grasp* of intellect, a certain turn for business; men, I mean, who aim at making a figure in the superior walks of life—have *they* any private friendships? No. We see that all these attachments, nay, even what are called the ties of blood, are dissolved immediately on any political exigency; or if it happens otherwise, if by some unusual circumstance, a man so embarrasses himself, as not to be able to shake off these inconvenient adherents, don't you see the eagle entangled, and often compelled to descend from his daring flight, by the serpents he has wound around him?"

"I know

“ I know nothing of your eagles, and your serpents, Sir,” replied the younger brother ; “ but I know, that a man who is incapable of feeling any real friendship for any human being, may be fit for a statesman, or to make such fine speeches as you made just now, if he can get to be heard in the House of Commons ; but that I should never desire to sit there, or any where else with him ; for I shall always believe such a man capable of being a rascal, and only wanting temptation and opportunity.” “ That sort of boyish heat,” cried the other, rising and stalking along the room, “ will never do you any good, Mr. Edward Ellemere—as a man of business.” “ I hope I shall never be what you call a man of business, Sir,” answered the other ; “ for I think a highwayman as respectable a character.” “ You can never even expect to rise in the army, I assure you, Ned,” added the elder, contemptuously, “ with notions fit only——upon my word I know not for what they are fit—
Friendship !

Friendship! stuff! as a soldier, Sir (since men of business you do not honour with your approbation), as a soldier, you will learn to rejoice at the death of your brother officers. Poor such a one, cry they, after a battle; poor Harry such a one; and honest Will such a one:—well, they are gone, but we shall have a move in the regiment. Did you ever hear of an instance of personal regard superseding self-interest? Why should it?”

“Good evening to you, Mr. Ellemere,” said Edward, as he quitted the room, on finding his patience likely to fail, “We shall never agree. Your humble servant.” He then went up to his mother’s dressing-room, where he found D’Alonville chained to the side of Miss Milfington, who was playing and singing a tender Italian air, to which she was teaching D’Alonville the second. After one rehearsal, they both executed their parts so well, that the lady, flattered by the proficiency of her scholar, desired to go over it again, and they began it with

with great success ; but unfortunately, the only son of Lady Sophia, a pale, spoiled, sickly boy of eight years old, whom his mother had for some time kept quiet, by letting him rummage her netting-box as she sat on the sofa, now became tired of his employment, and running up to the harpsichord, he dashed his hands among the keys, and squalled out “ Miss Milfington, then—Milsington, I say—have done with that nasty tune—I won’t have it played any more ; I don’t like it ; I will have you play an English dance, or something pretty.” All remonstrance was in vain ; Master Ellefmere had never been contradicted in his life ; and Lady Sophia, in her still, mawkish way, said, “ Fie, Seymour ; my dear, you should not do so ! but I dare say Jamima will oblige you. Jamima, love ! will you let this air alone till to-morrow, and do as my poor Puggy desires ? Jamima, with a meek resignation that might recommend her to the most honourable servitude, though internally vexed at the interruption,

interruption,

interruption, began a country dance; and Mr. Ellefmere just then entering, Lady Sophia related, probably as an instance of her son's wit, his insisting on having a lively English tune. "The dear boy is in the right," said the father; "he knows how to appreciate things; I *augur* well of his genius." The boy ought to have been severely checked, and sent to bed, and Edward Ellefmere could with difficulty restrain himself from saying so. But D'Alonville was very glad to be released; and his friend retiring in disgust to his own book-room, he soon after, notwithstanding the expressive glances of Miss Milfington, who looked most kindly on him, took an opportunity of following him.

C H A P. II.

Mais que fait-je Grand Dieu ! Courbé sous la tristesse

Est-ce a moi de nommer les plaisirs, l'allegresse ?

Eh ! sous la griffe du vautour

Voit-on la tendre tourterelle

Et la plaintive Philomele

Chanter et respirer l'amour !

(LE ROI DE PRUSSE.)

IT was in this friendly conference that the two young men canvassed their future projects. Ellesmere, whose ingenuous and sensible heart swelled with indignation when he believed D'Alonville insulted on account of his country ; still more, when his unhappy situation seemed to call forth the sneering arrogance of unfeeling prosperity, was prompted to conceal from him, as far as he could, what he flattered himself he might not perceive. D'Alonville, too tremblingly alive to be deceived, was perfectly aware of the supercilious flights which the elder Mr. Ellesmere evidently designed for him ;

him ; but he saw too, that such circumstances gave great pain to his friend, and therefore he determined not to appear to perceive them. Edward Ellefmere now, for the first time, acquainted him that his appointment was fixed ; and that he meant to go to Captain Caverly's in the next day but one, and to return home only a few hours to take leave of his family before he went to London, from whence he should immediately return to the Continent. D'Alonville knew that every consideration of propriety and duty urged him to adopt at the same time his original plan, and to return to France ; but to leave, and probably for ever, the only woman to whom his heart had been truly attached, could not be thought of but with exquisite pain. He sat silent for some time, till Ellefmere, who had been arranging some papers which lay before him, suddenly said, " And there will be some degree of kindness, my dear Chevalier, in your
going

going before our poor friend becomes more ridiculous;—she is already very far gone.”

“What are you talking of, my friend?” enquired D’Alonville. “Don’t *affect* to be blind,” answered Edward, “because it is quite impossible for you *not* to be conscious that the *fair*, the *young*, the gentle, the accomplished Miss Milfington is more than half in love with you. But, however, to humble you a little, and lest you should be too vain upon it, know, my friend, that to love, is necessary to the amiable Jamima. I do not see much of her, but I have heard of at least ten persons who have been the objects of her fond attachments; most of them men of high rank, whom she thought had hearts tender enough to consider how sad it was, that a creature so accomplished should languish in vain; and would be urged by the knowledge of her being in love with them, to remove her from the inconveniences of a very narrow fortune, to affluence and rank. Hitherto, however,

ever, she had not succeeded in this plan of attack, though she had by no means relinquished it; but as its success may yet be remote, she has no objection, *chemin faisant*, to the gentle attentions of any handsome young fellow who may be disposed to coquette with her." Oh! n'en parlons pas," answered D'Alonville, "Don't let us talk of her. Heavens! that you should chuse such a subject of discourse, my friend, when *my* thoughts are busied with one so different." They then renewed their conversation on the family at Besthorpe; and Ellefmere agreed that D'Alonville, who was impatient to renew his visits there, should go the next day to Captain Caverly's, who would be happy to see him, and that Edward Ellefmere should follow him as soon as he could; taking leave at once of his family, instead of returning to do so, as he had proposed at the beginning of their conversation.

"Yes," cried he, after having talked it over, "it will be better to go at once, I think—

I think—not that there will be much pain felt at my departure. You see how my father is absorbed in considerations for the aggrandizement of his eldest son; and fancies, poor good man, that in doing so, he is consulting the prosperity of all the rest of us. For he believes Mr. Ellesmere has such political capabilities about him, that if once he gets into the right line, he will rapidly attain an eminence of power that will enable him to provide for all his family. It may be so. I only know that I should not greatly venerate a group of statesmen, in which such an understanding as my honoured brother's could have any weight. He was the most formal, specious dunce in a great school. A hundred times I have tried to get him into scrapes, but if ever his prudence slept, its succedaneum, cunning, was always awake; and he contrived to vindicate himself, and leave us poor impolitic wights in the lurch. His character is now, exactly what it was then."

"And precisely the character," said
VOL. III. c D'Alonville

D'Alonville, "I should suppose to make as much progress as your father imagines; at least, such a man would have made his way in our court infinitely faster than a man of lively imagination, and brilliant talents; and I believe it to be true, that all courts are alike. If I were in a habit of laying wagers, a l'Anglais, I would hazard something considerable, that you will see your brother high in place, and by his means become a Colonel." D'Alonville then fell into a reverie on the different fate which probably awaited himself; till he was roused by a long letter from the Abbé de St. Remi; the servant who was usually sent for letters to the neighbouring post-town having been detained by accident, and that moment only returned.

D'Alonville eagerly opened it. It was dated from Merol in Brittany, where the Abbé had the courage to return in disguise, and to rejoin his unhappy pupil; who, in the habit of an inferior tradesman, had contrived to remain for some time in
that

that town, and to have collected a party which every day became more formidable from the numbers who were disgusted by the wickedness and folly of the Convention, and wearied by the alarms, the want, and the tyranny, they were every day exposed to. The Abbé, who wrote all this under another name, and in terms which rendered it difficult to be understood by any but the person to whom it was addressed, added, that they had established a correspondence with the count de Magnivillers, and that all at present had a favourable appearance. He described the nightly rendezvous at an estate of De Touranges, at the extremity of the province, about three leagues from the town, a part of the country which D'Alonville was not acquainted with, though his father had a small property there, and concluded with expressing the most sanguine hopes of their final success; his greatest doubts of it arose from the disposition of De Touranges. "Though he has hitherto," said the Abbé, "had so much command over

himself, as to act a part so very difficult, he undertook it at first in the flattering expectation of learning, in his native country, some news of his wife and his mother, who, after long enquiries, he fancied he traced thither. Disappointed in this, he has since submitted to continue the difficult dissimulation, because he sees now no other means of revenging the evils he has sustained. The long, long misery of being separated from all he holds dear; and, as he now believes, separated for ever, for he thinks his mother, his wife, and his child, have perished; and the agonies, amounting almost to alienations of mind, which the sad retrospect of this loss inflicts upon him, make me fear, lest, in some of these paroxysms of despair, he should betray himself." The Abbé, without directly expressing a wish that D'Alonville would join them, let it be clearly understood: for he told him, it was known that the dependents and peasantry on the property of the late viscount his father, were disgusted with Monsieur la Fosse, whom

whom they considered as an apostate, and that they were much more disposed than they dared avow themselves, to return to the original form of government, and to vindicate the honour of their ancient lords, the last of whom had been so much their benefactor, that his name was particularly dear to them. Tears arose in the eyes of D'Alonville as he read this. "I must go," sighed he to himself, "the sacred shade of my father calls me.—Yes!—I ought to go, though certain that death awaited me there, and that in England I might be the happiest of men—the husband of Angelina." Ellesmere wished to know as much of the purport of the Abbé's letter as D'Alonville chose to communicate. D'Alonville put the letter into his hands, and his friend could not but allow the propriety of the resolution he had formed. "Yet I will tell you very honestly," said he, "my dear chevalier, that I wish you could take this Angelina with you." "Heaven forbid," replied D'Alonville, "take her to share such dangers, or

even to see such scenes as I shall probably see ! No ; rather than expose her to the slightest hazard, I would tear myself from her for ever, and entreat her to forget me."

" All that is very well," answered Ellefmere, " and I believe you would do as you say—perhaps ought to do it ; yet I have made up such a romance for you in my head, that I shall be very sorry not to see it realised. Happiness is so rare, that when once it presents itself, it should never be suffered to escape, lest it disappear for ever." " Oh ! seducing epicurean ;" cried D'Alonville, " do not inculcate doctrines to which I am but too willing to listen. I must fly from them, my dear Edward : indeed I must ; and whatever it may cost me, take shelter under the religious stoicism of the Abbé."

Such were the generous resolutions of D'Alonville, when, after taking a formal leave of the family at Eddisbury-Hall, he set out the next morning for Fernherst. As to the family at the Hall, Sir Maynard received his acknowledgments for the
hospitality

hospitality he had experienced, with great politeness and great indifference; Lady Ellesmere, with still more coldness, and less habitual civility. Lady Sophia just got off her seat as he made his bow; and the three young ladies wished him a good journey with much formality; but Miss Milington was not disposed to part so easily with the only person whose presence promised to make a fortnight's stay at such a place as Eddisbury tolerable. She felt herself extremely mortified that, after all the advances she had made, he should prefer going to old Caverly's, to remaining where he was, so evidently making a rapid progress in her good graces; and she could not let him depart without giving him some very unequivocal signs of her sentiments. Though the lady was very little to his taste, D'Alonville might, at any other time, have shewn greater sensibility; but he could now think of nothing but the interesting object that he hoped to see the next day, and the misery to which he must, in a very short time afterwards, con-

demn himself, that of bidding her a long adieu !

But more severe trials awaited him than he was yet aware of.

Captain Caverly received him with as much good humour and hospitality as formerly, and expressed great delight that his nephew Edward was at length decidedly a soldier ; “ though I heartily wish,” said he, “ the commission had been procured for him by any other means than by that formal, consequential fellow, his brother, whose pride, always insufferable enough, will now be more offensive than ever. Luckily I seldom see him ; for, when I do, we hardly agree ten minutes. He expects from me the same homage he receives from the rest of his family, which I never pay him, but venture to contradict him when he parades with a long string of solemn nothings, which my poor brother, Sir Maynard, thinks the very quintessence of all wisdom. So Mr. Ellesmere and I hate one another heartily ; and that insipid little flimsy puppet of high blood, his wife, has

has nothing attractive about her, to counteract the repellent qualities of my decisive nephew." D'Alonville then asked after the two ladies De Touranges; "Oh!" answered he, "we do not meet so often now as we did while you and Ned were here; but they are well, and the young one is quite an angel. I rode over to look in upon them two days since, and I found the Marquise, I mean the mother, quite delighted with the good fortune that she had that morning heard was likely to befall her friend's (Mrs. Denzil's) family."

"Good fortune!" repeated D'Alonville in a tremulous voice, "I am very glad——."

He hesitated—and the Captain in his blunt way proceeded:

"Yes, it is what is *called* good fortune you know, to get off a daughter, without any fortune, to a man of six or seven thousand pounds a year." "One of the Mademoiselle Denzil's then is going to be married," said D'Alonville, changing colour, and not having the courage to ask which.

which. “Why so ’tis understood I think, but, blefs my foul, Chevalier! why I ought not to have told you this fo abruptly, for I remember you feemed to be over head and ears in love yourself with Mifs Angelina.”

“It is Mademoifelle Angeline, then,” faid D’Alonville faintly.

“Even fo, I am afraid, my young friend, therefore I hope the wound is not very deep. By the bye I think you and Ned know the man. Did not you tell me that you came part of the way through Germany with a Mr. Melton of Gloucestershire?”

D’Alonville answered, “Yes!”

“Well, then, that is the lover. There was a ball at the house of one of our neighbours about ten miles on the other fide the country—the Denzils were asked, and there this Melton, who is a relation of Mr. Jennings, and at whose house they were, faw, and fell violently in love, with your pretty Angelina. He contrived to fee her again a day or two afterwards, and, in
short,

short, after the third interview, he made his proposals to the mother."

"Which are accepted," said D'Alonville? very dejectedly.

"Of course," answered Caverly, "we don't in our country, my dear Sir, reject a man with five or six thousand a year, even though he had all the plagues of Pandora about him, and his form should be that of Caliban. However, I find this Mr. Melton is a young man, about seven or eight and twenty, and with a very good person."

"Oh! what a cruel sacrifice," thought D'Alonville, "the man is an absolute savage—and to such a man is Angelina to be sold!" He sunk into the deepest despondence, and could hardly speak, while Caverly, totally unconscious of the pain he had inflicted, continued to talk on indifferent matters. He had indeed observed, in D'Alonville's former visit, that he had been particularly attentive to Angelina Denzil, but that this impression was so deep as to occasion, to a volatile young
c 6 man,

man, any great degree of regret on hearing she was to be married to another, never occurred to the honest Captain. Nothing is perhaps more insupportable than to be under the necessity of appearing calm, when the heart is bursting with anguish; of being called upon to attend to the detail of common and uninteresting occurrences, when misery of our own usurps all our thoughts. D'Alonville answered yes, and no, he knew not what, to his host, who had many questions to ask about the family at Eddisbury-Hall; at length the hour of repose came, and the unfortunate wanderer, with very different sensations from those with which he had last quitted it, retired to the same room that had been before allotted to him.

He there began to call himself to account for the folly he was guilty of in having thus indulged a passion so little likely to be fortunate, and enquired of his reason how it could have flumbered so far as to have betrayed him into hopes so fallacious.—"The moment such a young person

person is seen, it is impossible not to suppose that she must be admired, and the first man of fortune that proposes is accepted. Yet I thought there was something about the mother of this charming girl, that seemed to indicate a mind superior to those considerations that would urge her to sacrifice her daughter, and such a daughter ! to a man whose only recommendation must surely be his wealth.—Perhaps, however, Angelina may like him. There *was* a time when in fortune I should have been his equal, in birth his superior ; but now, an unknown exile of a country that is disgraced and held in abhorrence—how can I oppose my pretensions against those of this fortunate Englishman ? I thought that both Angelina and her mother had given me encouragement, but this brilliant prospect had not then opened to them. Now I shall be repulsed, perhaps, with contempt.—I will not expose myself to it.—It is better to quit the country without seeing her.—I will merely communicate to Mesdames de
Touranges

Touranges the account that interests them; inform them of my resolution to go into Brittany, and then waiting only to see my friend Ellefmere, take leave of England for ever."

Many reasons suggested themselves during a restless night to confirm D'Alonville in this resolution. The morning found him in the same disposition. At breakfast he communicated to Captain Caverly his intention of seeing the French ladies. Caverly was engaged another way, and D'Alonville set out alone, and, by choice, on foot.

When he arrived at the lodging of Madame de Touranges, his unexpected appearance, and his melancholy looks, alarmed both her and her daughter, who, as is natural to the unhappy, fancied that every one who appeared dejected had evil to communicate to them. It was some time before D'Alonville was suffered to explain himself. At length, as in such a case he did not think himself authorised to make use of any reserve, he gave the

Abbé

Abbé de St. Remi's letter to the Marquise, who, having gone over it herself, read it a second time aloud to Gabrielle. Seizing with avidity on all that it promised, and wilfully escaping from all that it threatened, Madame de Touranges appeared delighted with the contents, and highly elated with D'Alonville's assurances that he intended immediately to set out, and at all hazards to attempt reaching Merol. In doing this, Madame de Touranges would not suffer herself to suppose he could fail, as he would put an end to the greatest cause she had for uneasiness, the impatient grief of the Marquis on the supposed loss of his family. And so great did this object appear, that, in contemplating its attainment, she wholly overlooked the dangers that were in the way for D'Alonville, and talked of his going to Merol, and what he was to say and do when he got thither, as if he could reach the place from England with as much ease as it might have been done seven years before. Gabrielle was less sanguine, though

though not less affected by the recent intelligence thus received of her husband ; but younger, and less accustomed to believe that the world was made only for her accommodation, she did not so entirely forget that much must be undergone by the person on whose exertion the Marquis's hearing of her depended. Her mother, however, would not suffer an idea of this nature to be started ; though it was long before D'Alonville could find an opportunity to introduce any other conversation ; Madame de Touranges persisting in talking over his journey, as a thing that was to take place immediately, and undoubtedly succeed.

A pause, however, at last gave D'Alonville leave to ask after his friends on the other side of the heath, though he felt himself change countenance as he made the enquiry. " Oh !" cried Madame de Touranges ; " I have half quarrelled with my friend, and shall quarrel with her quite, if she continues so unaccountable." D'Alonville dreaded to ask ; but it required no great

great patience to attend for an explanation to Madame de Touranges, who was a quick and decisive talker. “You know” said she, “that prettiest girl—that you Chevalier admired—the third of Madame Denzil’s daughters—well; since you have been gone, a man of fortune, vastly beyond what she could expect—for you know my good friend has a thousand children, and they are never likely to get any part of the little fortune they are entitled to.—This young man, I say, took a fancy to Mademoiselle Angeline, and a day or two afterwards (for it has all passed within a week), he made proposals. My friend, Madame Denzil, who does not want sense, certainly has suffered the simple girl to refuse him.”

“To refuse him!” repeated D’Alonville.

“You may well be surprised,” resumed the lady. “But Angeline, who was here this morning but a few moments before you came, assured me, with all the simplicity in the world, that she, last night, by
her

her mother's permission, gave her rich lover his final dismission—and for so ridiculous a reason !”

“ What reason ?” said D’Alonville, in a voice hardly articulate.

“ Oh ! *you* would not guess it Chevalier, in a thousand years ; for in France, if girls were ever consulted in the disposal of themselves, such a reason would not be listened to a moment—it was because she did not *like* the man.”

“ And has he taken this answer ?” asked D’Alonville, trembling—“ And is he gone ?”

“ I find he is very angry,” replied the lady, “ and, of course, sufficiently mortified to be refused by a little country girl ; but he is still in this neighbourhood, at the house of a friend ; and if he is a man of any perseverance, he will not be so easily repulsed, but will try his fortune again.” The heart of D’Alonville, which had for a moment been elated with hope, now sunk again into despair ; and his countenance so plainly expressed the emotions he felt,

felt, that Gabrielle, who had observed him attentively during the whole conversation, had no doubt of his attachment. The impossibility of its ever being successful, made her look at him with peculiar concern ; and she wished to have an opportunity of speaking to him alone, for her awe of Madame de Touranges was such, that she hardly ever ventured in her presence to express her real sentiments. This opportunity, however, did not offer ; and D'Alonville returned to Caverly's as anxious as he had set out, though he now flattered himself, that his fate was not yet decided. While the woman, to whom alone he had ever been conscious of a wish to dedicate his whole life, remained unmarried, he believed, that the idea of one day being authorised to address her, would sustain him in whatever trials it might be in the mean time his fate to experience ; but should that distant hope disappear, life would have nothing to induce him to take the trouble of living amidst national disgrace, and the
loss

loss of his property, and his friends. During his conversation with the ladies De Touranges, he could not obtain any information when he was likely to see any of the Denzil family; and the keen and penetrating eyes of the Marquise were too constantly fixed on inquisitorial questions, for him to venture to make it, lest his countenance should betray that he took more interest in whatever related to them, than she would approve. For he fancied it visible that Madame de Touranges saw his partiality, though affecting not to see it; because she thought any pretensions he could form, too wild and romantic to be a moment attended to; and he was very sure she would be his enemy, though he was also sure she would not be so from disinterested *motives*.

C H A P. III.

O gran contrasto in giovenil pensiero
Desir di laude, ed impeto d'amore
Nè chi piu vaglia ancor si trova
Chi resta or questa, or quel superiore.

ARIOSTO.

WHEN D'Alonville arrived at the house of Captain Caverly, he had the satisfaction of finding Edward Ellesmere, who had left Eddisbury two or three days before he had originally intended. He had taken a final leave, he said, of every body at home; and D'Alonville could not forbear enquiring how he could so soon disengage himself from a family, who must undoubtedly feel distressed at his departure. Ellesmere answered, "You should recollect, my good friend, that my father has his politician to console him; and then little Master, who is so fond of English tunes; circum-

circumstances that, of course, abate his regret at parting with a younger son who is no politician at all."

"But your mother," said D'Alonville, "she certainly must be made extremely unhappy, thus to part with you; and to see you enter a profession, attended with so much danger." "My mother!" answered Ellefmere.—"Oh, yes! poor dear woman, she wept a little, and gave me a great many blessings, and some good advice; but as to ideas of danger, she has none. She has not a mind capable of figuring what she never saw. Imagination never oppresses her with its visionary terrors; or if it did, the most terrific drawing would soon be erased by the home scenes around her; and she would think more of what had happened at the next market town. Such is the effect of living always in a narrow circle, without any change of ideas." "In this instance, however, it is happy, my friend. Your sisters, were undoubtedly greatly hurt to part with you." Ellefmere smiled.

"My

“My eldest sister,” said he, “is in love, you know, which is a wonderful defence against any collateral distresses. A young lady, Sir, thus circumstanced, sees no object in the universe but the dear youth. As to Mary, she is too happy about herself just now, to make it reasonable for me to expect her to feel much concern for me. This revolution in the politics of the elder branch of my family, has made a revolution in their œconomy. Mary is going to London with Lady Sophia. She expects to come down with a lover of immense fortune, if not with a title. In such cases, a brother more or less makes no difference. As to my poor little Theodora, who is not yet allowed to come out of the nursery, she is as sorry as if she had lost any other of her play-fellows, but she thinks no farther. However, I have prevailed on my mother, I hope, to consider Theodora no longer as a child; Heaven knows, my dear Chevalier, whether I shall ever have an opportunity of making her another request.”

request." Ellefmere seemed affected for a moment by the thoughts of having taken, perhaps, a last leave of his whole family; though their partiality for a brother, who had nothing to recommend him but the circumstance of having been born a few years sooner, had left him, in quitting the paternal seat of his ancestors, much less to regret than he would have had under other circumstances. But immediately regaining his usual gaiety, he turned the discourse to other subjects.

In this conversation, all that D'Alonville had heard since his departure from Eddisbury, in regard to the family at Besthorpe, was of course mentioned. Ellefmere learned, with wonder, that his old acquaintance, Melton, was the man whose offers had been refused; not that he thought the refusal wonderful, but he had not imagined Melton to be a man who would think of marrying a young woman, that was without fortune, and whose family was in some measure in
obscurity,

obscurity, for a sort of minor-ambition. A desire to be thought of consequence in his county, and to have his name forward on all occasions, had been one of the most leading features, that, in their short acquaintance, he had remarked. Melton had a high opinion of his own country; of the particular province of the country which he himself inhabited; of his own set of friends; and last, not least, of himself, whom he loved with the tenderest solicitude; an affection which so much engrossed him, that he seldom thought it worth while to consult the pleasure or opinion of others. That nothing could have induced him to do a generous action, Ellesmere was so well convinced, that his disinterested partiality for the unproportioned, unknown Angelina, amazed him, till he recollected that he sought her only to gratify himself. Still it appeared a matter of some wonder that he should prefer beauty to fortune and interest; or that he did not unite these objects, by chusing some one whose alliance could

add brilliancy to his family, and whose rank might give her precedence, which his denied.

After some conversation on this matter, Ellefmere asked D'Alonville, if his attachment to Angelina was such as he himself believed would be permanent. "Tell me, my friend," said he, "if you really believe, that this passion for my fair countrywoman, is of a nature to resist absence, and what may be much more fatal, the vivacity, and the various attractions of the women of France?"

D'Alonville protested that he believed, nay, he was persuaded, it was so firmly established, that nothing could remove it. "And if you were restored," said Ellefmere, "to your country, to your prospects—Is it an Englishwoman, a woman of another religion, without fortune, and though of a gentleman's family, educated in a remote village; is it such a woman you would prefer?" "Upon my honour," answered D'Alonville very solemnly, "I should prefer Angelina Denzil to every other

other woman ; to every advantage that alliance or fortune could bring me." " If those," said Ellefmere, " are your sentiments, what hinders your availing yourself of the partiality she has certainly shewn in your favour ; and though it may not be prudent, on her account, to marry immediately, why should you not endeavour to brighten your future days by securing the person whom your heart has elected ?" This kind of conversation, and much more to the same purpose, was too flattering to D'Alonville not to be eagerly listened to ; we are easily induced to believe what we wish ; and Ellefmere succeeded without much difficulty in persuading D'Alonville, that he had less reason to fear a repulse than he had himself imagined, considering all the disadvantages he was under.

From circumstances which are not immediately necessary to the story, this was really found to be the case. Whether romantic or reasonable (for it might be thought either, according to the different disposition of those who sit in judgment

on this part of her conduct), Mrs. Denzil was certainly singular enough, not to oppose her daughter's giving herself to a native of another country; to a man professing another religion; and to one of those who, as emigrants, have been spoken of by some persons in England with contempt, for adhering to their king, and by others blamed for having quitted him; (though it is evident by what has happened since, that their remaining would only have hastened the catastrophe they deplore, without its holding out any hope of future redress, as far as redress in such case is possible). The few days that D'Alonville and Ellefmere remained in the neighbourhood, were passed almost entirely at the house of Mrs. Denzil. The evening before the day fixed for their departure, they were surprised there by the entrance of a lady in the neighbourhood, a distant relation of Melton's, who very seldom condescended to visit the Denzil family, but who had now taken the pains to avail herself of the moon to
come

come five miles, to pay her compliments at a house, where, if one might have judged from the countenances of those she favoured with her company, the honour would have been most willingly dispensed with. This good old gentlewoman, whose name was Risby, was one of those very sensible persons, who assume a right to dictate to all their acquaintance, and to satirise most unmercifully, as well those who listened to their decisive opinions as those who dared to have opinions of their own. Though the younger part of her life had not been celebrated for peculiar discretion, she had so much profited since, either from experience or observation, that she seemed to believe herself qualified for the dictatorship of the universe. She stalked very majestically into the parlour of Mrs. Denzil—looked around her; and, paying a cold compliment to Ellefmere, with whom she was slightly acquainted, she cast her eyes towards D'Alonville, with a look which said, "Humph, it is true then what I have heard!" The con-

versation was cold and languid, for Mrs. Denzil seemed very little inclined to support her share of it. Mrs. Risby blamed four or five of their mutual acquaintance for some faults they had committed, of which Mrs. Denzil had never heard before—ridiculed half a dozen others for some personal, or acquired defects; and, having nearly exhausted her provision of malignity for the evening, she begged to speak with Mrs. Denzil alone, and they went together into another room. It was there, that snorking and drawing herself, she made a slight apology to Mrs. Denzil for what she was going to say, and then asked if what she heard was really possible; that one of the young ladies, for all of whom she professed herself much interested, could have refused a man of Mr. Melton's fortune, with a design to give herself to a foreigner, an emigrant. She was going on to distinguish D'Alonville by every appellation that she thought contemptuous and despicable; when Mrs. Denzil stopped her,
by

by saying, "I really do not know, Madam, how I and my family have deserved that you should interfere in our affairs. However, if it be any satisfaction to you to gratify your curiosity in a matter so little worth your enquiry, I have the honour of assuring you that my daughter *has* refused Mr. Melton; with my approbation refused him. What may happen as to any other person I do not consider myself at liberty to explain, as any event of that sort must be remote and uncertain—I believe it is unnecessary to detain you longer." Mrs. Denzil then led the way back to the apartment they had left, which Mrs. Risby entered with a greater elevation of head than she had when she quitted it. She rang almost immediately for her carriage, and hardly noticing the persons for whom she pretended to be so interested, and passing Ellefmere and D'Alonville with a contemptuous toss of the head, she retired. In a moment it was forgotten that her visit had been made,

for very different contemplations occupied the party she had left.

One great objection to novels is the frequent recurrence of love scenes; which readers of so many descriptions turn from as unnatural, or pass over as fulsome; while, to those who alone perhaps read them with avidity, they are said to be of dangerous tendency. The conversations then which decided that D'Alonville was an accepted lover, by the woman he adored, and the parting of persons thus mutually attached, when one was going to a country from whence there were so many chances that he might never return, shall be passed over, as well as less material occurrences, till Ellesmere and his emigrant friend arrived in London, where the former entered immediately on the business of preparations for his departure; and the latter, though he could not divert his thoughts a moment from the object he had left, was glad to engage in giving such assistance as he could to his friend,
to

to call off his mind as much as possible from its sad reflections. He had also commissions to execute for the ladies De Touranges ; and persons of his own country to visit, to whom they had given him letters ; and he had letters of his own to write to France. By incessant occupation he endeavoured to appease the regret and anguish that preyed upon his mind, and to conquer in the severe struggle which, while he remained on English ground, he knew must continue between his inclination and his duty.

Ellesmere alone was witness to what it cost him to determine on following the dictates of that duty ; and with the most generous attention he endeavoured to soothe the pain of his friend's mind, though his own was far from being at ease.

Every thing was settled for their setting out the next day on their journey to Ostend, where they were to part. Ellesmere had made all his purchases, and D'Alonville obtained such information as

could be had in London, as to the measures he should take in the perilous adventure he was about to encounter.

D'Alonville, during his former short stay in London, had refused to go into any public place; but now, at the earnest entreaty of Ellefmere, he agreed to go to a play with him to see a celebrated actress; and, as he believed himself by this time able to understand the declamation of the English stage, he felt as much curiosity about this performer as any object could now excite. Partial as he was to the very different style of French acting, he could not but attend with pleasure to the great dramatic powers of the actress in question; and his attention insensibly attracted, was rivetted to the scene, when a person entered the same box, whom D'Alonville at first did not observe. Ellefmere was gone to another part of the house, and in his seat the stranger put himself.

At the end of the act, D'Alonville turned to see who had taken the place
which

which he expected his friend every moment to return to ; and, after a moment's recollection as to where he had before seen the face that now presented itself, he recognised that of Mr. Melton.

D'Alonville saw by the air with which he was surveyed, that Mr. Melton recollected him, for arrogantly and contemptuously he eyed him—looks which D'Alonville, whose pride was now roused, returned with interest. The man who had aspired to the hand of Angelina, could not but be an unwelcome object to D'Alonville. Melton, though he had quitted the pursuit very indignantly, had heard that a preference to this foreigner had been the cause of the mortifying refusal he had experienced ; and, as he could not, in the insolence of prosperity, bear the idea of a rival, whom he considered as every way his inferior, he felt an unconquerable inclination to shew his displeasure, by insulting D'Alonville. While he meditated how to do this,

which he thought the situation of D'Alonville authorised him to do with impunity, the last act of the play began, and D'Alonville thought no more about him, but again applied himself wholly to the stage. In a few minutes Ellefmere entered, and seeing a gentleman in his place was about to speak to him, when he recognised his travelling acquaintance—to whom he addressed himself with civility; and, as a seat behind D'Alonville became vacant by a gentleman's going out, Ellefmere, without asking for his own, placed himself in it. The play ended, and Ellefmere was preparing to quit the theatre, having an appointment for the rest of the evening, when Melton entered into conversation with him, by looking with a contemptuous smile at his hat: "So," said he, "I see you are become one of our brave defenders; pray how is that reconcileable with your principles, and your connections?"

"Principles and connections!" cried
Ellefmere,

Ellesmere, in much surprise—"Pray what do you allude to—principles and connections!"

"They are common words enough," replied Melton, "and require, I think, no comment."

"As *you* use them," said Ellesmere, rising into warmth, "they, in my opinion, require a very explicit one, which you will be so good as to give me."

"By principles," answered Melton, "I mean the flaming red hot notions of liberty, and such stuff that I have heard you talk of in a way that I thought more likely to place you in the chair of some of your *reforming societies* than to put a cockade in your hat; and by connections, I mean—your acquaintance with—foreigners—Frenchmen—Jacobins—Sans Culottes—whatever they are pleased to call themselves." As he said this he fixed his eyes on D'Alonville, who could not fail to hear and to understand what it was evident was said that he might hear and understand.

"And

“And who, Sir,” said Ellefmere in great anger, “shall dare to say to me that I have any such connections?” “The affront,” cried D’Alonville in French, “is so pointed at *me*, that you must allow *me*, my friend, to take it. This gentleman will be pleased to inform me where I shall find him at his own hour to-morrow.”

“I have nothing to say to *you*, Sir,” cried Melton, “I never engage either in friendship or enmity with persons of whom I am not sure that they are gentlemen.” This was a little too much—though D’Alonville was of a temper remarkably mild, he was violent when thoroughly provoked, and he now thought himself cruelly insulted; infomuch, that from the expression of his countenance, Ellefmere was afraid he might, on being farther irritated, strike Melton. Well aware of the disagreeable consequences which might arise to his friend from such a quarrel in such a place, he caught his hands—“My dear Chevalier,” cried he eagerly, “I insist upon your leaving this
matter

matter to me: be assured no man living shall insult my friend with impunity. *You* will understand, Sir," added he, turning to Melton, "that I expect to hear, at an early hour to-morrow, where this matter may be more conveniently talked of."

Melton, who seemed by his countenance to have no particular relish for this discussion, and not thoroughly to have considered the consequence of his brutality before he ventured upon it, now answered fullenly, "Here is my card, I will meet you where you please." Ellefmere hastily made an appointment to which Melton agreed, and then walked away with the affectation of composure which he was far enough from feeling; and the two friends went together to Ellefmere's lodgings, where D'Alonville insisted, in the warmest terms, that he only ought to meet this man, who had evidently intended to insult him; and he declared he could not bear that the safety of Ellefmere should be hazarded, while to himself life
was

was so little desirable, that possibly the most fortunate thing that could happen to him, would be to lose it. Ellesmere answered by representing to him the noise such an affair would make, the various ways in which it would be represented, and the great injury it might do to the French who had taken refuge in England; and he ended with declaring that as Melton addressed his conversation to him, it was he who was pointedly insulted, and to him alone it belonged to chastise the aggressor. They parted without having decided the generous contest; but early the next morning, as Ellesmere was preparing to attend his appointment, and to call on D'Alonville in his way, he was stopped by a Mr. Southgate, with whom he was slightly acquainted, and whom he knew to be a friend of Melton's. This gentleman came to say, that having heard of the foolish affair that had happened at the playhouse the night before, he desired, as the friend of both parties, to be allowed to interfere, in the hopes of getting it settled

tled without their coming to the extremities that were threatened. He said that Melton seemed sorry for the turn the matter had taken, for that he had no intention of affronting Ellesmere, for whose family he had a respect ; “ And upon the whole,” said Southgate, “ I find Melton wishes it may go no farther ; for after all, my dear Sir, it is but a silly business. Melton was, to my knowledge, more than half drunk when he left the house where he dined ; and he is a man that has got, I don’t know how, a habit of saying rude, blunt things ; but he means nothing by it, and nobody minds him.”

Ellesmere did not think this apology sufficient—“ If Mr. Melton,” said he, “ uses himself to say rude, blunt things, it is time he was cured of so insufferable a custom ; and I intend to give him a lesson that shall help towards this cure—not for his own sake (for I hold him not worth the trouble that it would take to give him the liberal sentiments of a gentleman), but for the honour of my country ;

country ; for a nation is disgraced by the savage manners of an individual towards foreigners." Mr. Southgate continued to remonstrate, and Ellefmere to insist. The fact was, that Melton heartily repented of the experiment he had made, since it had brought his person into danger ; and Southgate was employed to settle the business as well as he could without bloodshed. At length he wrote a sort of apology, which he undertook that Melton should sign ; and this Ellefmere, rather to avoid the noise that might be made by the quarrel to the prejudice of his friend, than for any other reason, consented to accept. Melton, who found that Ellefmere and D'Alonville were about to quit England immediately, hoped the affair would not transpire ; and well pleased to find himself in no personal danger, he signed the paper, which Southgate immediately carried to Ellefmere. This unpleasant business being settled, nothing remained to detain him and his friend in England ; and their baggage being all ready,

ready,

ready, they set off the same evening for Dover, where they arrived just as a packet was going out, which landed them at four o'clock the next morning on the continent.

C H A P. IV.

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned lies ; her hedges even pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs : her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
Doth root upon.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE regiment to which Ellefmere belonged, had landed a few days before him ; and was now ordered on immediate duty : here, then, the two friends were to part, and they both felt severely the necessity of parting.

It was very improbable, however sanguine they might be in their hopes of success on the various lines in which they were engaged, that they should meet again, and to hold any correspondence was impracticable. They mutually promised, however, to write to each other whenever occasion served, and to send these letters by such opportunities as might occur, even among the perils with which

which they were both likely to be surrounded.

D'Alonville's heart revolted as the execution of his scheme approached. To enter his native country in disguise; in the mean garb of a peasant—and representing one of the persons whose politics he detested, appeared to him so degrading, that he was sometimes tempted to renounce his plan of seeking De Touranges and St. Remi, and enter a volunteer in one of those corps of emigrants that were now assembling, and which were to be paid by some of the combined powers; but the advice of Ellefmere, and the solemn engagement with Madame de Touranges, and still more with her daughter, which he thought himself bound to fulfill; together with a belief, that if parties could be formed in the interior of the kingdom, it would be of more effectual service than any attempt without—conquered his repugnance, and he determined to pursue his first intention.

He

He had a long journey to make through the whole of Picardy and Normandy; and every precaution was necessary to secure his reaching the place of his destination. To appear as a prisoner escaped from the Austrians, seemed to be the least objectionable means of making his way back to his own country. He found that there were prisoners confined at Bruges; he went thither, and found it easy to procure a sort of certificate from one of them, with his name, and that of the national regiment in which he served. He made himself master of the circumstances that happened when this man and a party of French were taken prisoners; and arranging the story he should have to tell, he furnished himself with a number of small assignats, which he placed in the linings of his clothes; and depositing what other money he had in safe hands at Ostend, he departed thence on an evening, and took the road to Dunkirk. His former walk to Rosenheim had given him considerable experience,

rience, and he reached Dunkirk without any difficulty. The examination he underwent there, was more strict than he expected : but certain of not being personally known, and having taken every precaution against being suspected for a gentleman, he answered the enquiries that were made, with so much clearness, that he was believed, and was offered either the permission of returning to his own province, which he said was Normandy, or to enter into any of the regiments at Dunkirk. He told a very plausible story of an old mother ; and of his other brothers being all killed in the service ; which was also believed ; and he even received a certificate from the commanding officer of the town, granting him a furlough for six weeks, and describing him as Jacques Philippe Coudé, serving heretofore in such a regiment ; lately escaped from imprisonment ; who had desired leave to revisit his family before he returned to the service of his country. Thus provided, and having
well

well studied the cant of the day, he embarked at Dunkirk, in a small sloop, for St. Maloes. The first two days the voyage was prosperous ; but on the third, they were chased by an English privateer, of which a few were already fitted out ; and D'Alonville, as the vessel gained upon them, felt inconceivable uneasiness from the apprehension of being taken, and carried to an English prison under circumstances so degrading, that it would be almost impossible ever to vindicate himself to his English friends. When he had for more than an hour suffered an alarm, that he dared not avow, it fortunately abated by a change of the wind, which enabled the sloop in which he was, to run into Cherbourg ; and D'Alonville, thinking himself most fortunate to escape *such* a return, to a country where his only hopes of happiness were fixed, would not again subject himself to the same danger, but quitted the sloop, and hired a small boat under pretence of dispatch, which he knew must keep along shore ; and the
master

master of which agreed for a very small consideration to land him at St. Maloes; from thence to the town of Merol which St. Remi had named for the place of their rendezvous, was about five-and-forty or fifty miles; situated on the extreme edge of the province of Brittany.

It was in an afternoon, towards the middle of March, that D'Alonville went on board a long fishing-boat, rowed by an old, but athletic inhabitant of Cherbourg. With the assistance of a lad of thirteen they kept as close to the shore as possible; and as night came on, hauled still nearer to the rocks; as they intended, in case of bad weather, to land: but the evening was calm and serene: and the owner of the boat, who appeared to have some other business at St. Maloes, besides conveying D'Alonville thither, was disposed to make the most speed in his power; and the wind was fortunately in his favour, and filled his little sail with a steady breeze. D'Alonville, who had taken his passage as a man from the

northern army, who had been a prisoner escaped to Dunkirk, and was now sent by the commander to St Maloes on public business, had been so fatigued by the repetition of this fiction, and so reluctantly acted the part it imposed on him, that having once given this account of himself to his conductor, he did not wish to enter into farther conversation; being but too well assured, that in answer to any question he might ask, as to the state of the country, or the disposition of its inhabitants, he should hear nothing but what would add to the painful sensations with which he approached it.

It was midnight; a few stars, and a waning moon already fading in the distant waves, afforded all the light they had. The old seaman kept at the helm, frequently fortifying himself with a cordial of Eau-de-Vie, reinforced with repeated quantities of tobacco. The boy was sleeping on a bench that crossed the gun-wales; and the silence of the night was unbroken, save by the roar of the surf on the

the

the beach, which they were near enough distinctly to hear in a dull and hollow murmur. Uneasy as were the thoughts of D'Alonville, this monotony of sounds, and the fatigue he had for so many days gone through, together with the supposition that he was now at least in temporary security, induced him to indulge the heaviness that was coming upon him. Since he had escaped any suspicion as far on his way as Cherbourg, he had there ventured to purchase a small pair of pistols, which he concealed within his waistcoat. He knew his companions thought him unarmed, and he was not sorry to be provided with these as a defence; not that he suspected him of any intention to take advantage of that circumstance, but there was a fullen silence about the old man that did not altogether please him; and he had more than once occasion to remark, how much since the revolution the character of the lower class of the French people were changed. Notwithstanding the little confidence he had in

his boat-man, he put on the red-cap with which he had provided himself, and wrapping his coarse coat round him, he soon fell asleep; from which he was, after some time, suddenly startled, by the noise of fire arms, which appeared to be so near him, that he sprang upon his feet, and looked round him; but all remained just as it was before forgetfulness overtook him; except that the vessel was immediately beneath the high cliffs that bound the land. The old seaman was at the helm, but he had lowered his sails; and the boy paddled the boat along, while he guided it slowly among some high pointed rocks that seemed to rise here perpendicularly out of the water, which was deep, and still around them.

D'Alonville asked, hastily, where they were? And what was the noise they heard? The man answered, in a mournful and reluctant sort of way, that they were close under the town of Granville, on the western coast of Normandy:
“ And

“And for the noise,” said he, “they are at the old business; I suppose, killing some of the people who happen to have said or done any thing against the new government.” This opinion seemed to be founded in truth; for the cries of the victims, and the shouts of the executioners, were distinctly heard after another volley of fire-arms. D’Alonville shuddered, yet felt half impelled to leap on shore, and throw himself among the demons who were busied in this work of death. “Are you going to land?” enquired he, as the boat still seemed to get near the shore. “Have you any business in this town?” “Who, I?” replied the man:—“No, thank the bon Dieu, I have no business there, and I assure you, no mind at all to be among them.” “Are they then bad people in this town of Granville? What! are they royalists, my friend? Are they enemies to liberty?”

“Liberty! liberty! muttered the man, with an oath half stifled—Liberty! but you have been in the midst of all, it

seems—and like it, I suppose—though one would think you must have had pretty near enough of it—*Sacre Dieu!* but one must hold one's tongue."

"Why how is this?" said D'Alonville, agreeably disappointed in the principles of his sea-faring companion.—"Why are you not a friend to the republic—to our glorious new privileges? Why is it possible you can speak thus of our constitution, of our liberty?"

"Bah!" cried the old man, peevishly. "Tell me what good we have got by it."

D'Alonville enumerated the advantages that have been held out, in all the parading terms with which they have been dressed to catch the multitude. "Ah! yes, to be sure," answered the sailor; "Now I'll tell you what *I* have got by all this, *mort Dieu!* I have been out of luck, sure enough, if so many blessings were going about, to have caught none of them; but, on the contrary, *diable!* I've had nothing but plagues and sorrows; but

but I suppose, if I complain to you, Monsieur le Soldat, I shall be clapped up in prison as soon as you catch me on shore."

"If you think so, friend, don't trust me with your confidence; but I assure you, though I am a soldier, and have been at the army, that I don't want to hurt any man for his opinions."

"I don't much care," said the man; "I'd as soon go to the guillotine, I think, as not, unless times mend." "I am sorry," cried D'Alonville, "they are so bad with you; but what have you particularly to complain of?"

"Why in the first place, I had four sons, grown up, fine young men as I ever saw; the shortest of them was as high as you are, and stouter; the eldest of them belonged to a merchant-ship that traded to the Islands—he was killed by the black people at St. Domingo. The second was in the King's service—an excellent sailor—he was forced, whether he would or not, to sea in a republican

vessel; and it is only a fortnight since I have known that he has been taken by the English, and is now in an English prison, poor lad! and they say that the English, who, when I was a prisoner among them in the last war, treated us very well, and even gave me my parole, so that I suffered little, are now grown very severe, and endeavour to make confinement as bad as it can be; so I think I shall never see my son again.” “You served then in the last war?” said D’Alonville. “Yes,” replied the old man; “and was in two or three engagements; in the last I was a boatswain, by favour of my commander, who, when we were exchanged, and went back to France, took me particularly under his protection; and my wife was received into the family of his lady, who brought up my daughter; my poor dear girl!”

“You have not been unfortunate in regard to her too, I hope,” said D’Alonville.

“Ah!” cried the sailor, with a deep sigh,

figh, "that is what hurts me most of all—but I will tell you how it happened:—my third boy, a fine fellow of nineteen, was taken when he was quite a child into the service of my commander, and brought up to be his servant. Alas! he was with him when he was seized and carried to prison on the fatal second of September; and he perished with him in the Abbaye. The fourth, who was but a year younger, was so enraged at this injustice and cruelty (for what had Michel done that deserved death?) that he quitted the revolutionary army where he had entered, and went to serve under the Princes in Flanders; where, I believe, he fell the end of last year in the retreat, for I have never heard of him since."

The poor man was so affected, that his voice failed him.

D'Alonville, however fearful of betraying himself, could not conceal that he sympathised with this unfortunate father. "Perhaps," said he, "your fears

may be groundless ; though you have not heard from him, your fourth son may survive."

"I have no hope," replied he ; "had he not been dead, I am very sure he would have found some means of letting me hear of him ; for he was a dutiful boy, and knew what his mother and I suffered about his brothers—Ah ! no ; I have none left now, unless Pierre should survive a long imprisonment : I have none left but that lad you see there ; and as soon as he is old enough to carry arms, he too will be put under requisition, and be compelled to serve, whether he likes it or no."

"But your daughter," said D'Alonville—

"My daughter," resumed the poor man ; "my daughter was the hope of my life ; my commander's lady took her, and brought her up to be about her person ; and she was pretty, and every body admired her : a reputable tradesman at
Paris

Paris would have married her, but Madame de Blanzac, her mistress, thought her too young, and desired her to stay a year or two, till her lover was got a little forwarder in the world. She was at Paris at the dreadful time when her poor brother was murdered; she was not indeed in prison, but remained with her mistress at an hotel, where she saw four people killed before her eyes; she was so terrified, as to be immediately deprived of her senses, and was rather, I fear, a burthen, than of any use to the lady she served—when she found means to escape to England, after the murder of her husband. During the voyage, my poor girl recovered some recollection; but on the vessel's arriving in the port of Pool, where they were to land, the cries of the sailors, and the loud voices of the people who surrounded the ship, brought so strongly to her mind the noises she had heard at Paris during the massacre, that in the frenzy which this terror occasioned, she

E 6 flew.

flew upon deck, and, before any one was aware of what she intended, she threw herself* into the sea.

A dead silence ensued for a moment; the old man could not proceed.

D'Alonville, at length, said, "And was there no attempt made to save her?"

"Oh! yes," replied he; "and she was saved from the water, but her senses were gone quite. I do not know how Madame de Blanzac, distressed as she was herself, was able to sustain the additional burthen of my poor girl, in such a condition; but she promised never to forsake her, and she kept her word. Some ladies in England, to whom her melancholy story became known, were very kind to my unfortunate daughter, and tried to get her restored to her senses,

* This story, I have been assured, is fact—and that the melancholy circumstance here related, happened to a young woman in a situation of life somewhat superior to that of the person to whom they are here given.

but

but it was all in vain; they were irrecoverable; and she is now in one of the public hospitals of London, where lunatics are received."

The laborious life to which the old sailor had been inured, had not hardened his heart—Nature had still a powerful influence; and his voice bore testimony to the tribute he paid it, as he thus concluded his mournful narrative.

D'Alonville would have spoken comfort to him, but he could find none. These wounds to domestic happiness he knew could not be cured. He remained silent, therefore, reflecting on the dreadful havoc that civil war had made in his country within so short a space; and he shuddered when he trusted his imagination for a moment with the horrors that were yet to come. He was now ashamed of having suspected his conductor of designs against him, and of having mistaken the sad silence of sorrow, for the fullen meditation of the assassin. They were, by this time, at some distance from the place
where

where the report of fire-arms had been heard ; and D'Alonville, endeavouring to shake off the melancholy impression his companion's history had left on his mind, enquired why he had kept his boat so near the shore as they passed under the rocks of Granville ?

The sailor replied, " that there were frequently centinels placed on the cliffs, to prevent those from escaping who were called disaffected ; and that had the boat been discerned, or heard, they would have been fired upon with very little ceremony ; but that under the cliffs they were less likely to be perceived.

D'Alonville then entered into conversation on the present appearance of France, and received an account of the desolation that reigned throughout the Northern provinces, which, when he landed, and surveyed the state of the ground, did not appear to have been exaggerated.

Without hazarding too much by confidence in his boatman, they became much better

better acquainted before they had finished their voyage ; D'Alonville discovered, in the course of their conversation, that his conductor would more willingly put him on shore at any place near St. Maloes than in the port ; and D'Alonville was much more willing to land in some remote part of the coast. They therefore perfectly agreed in their plans, and keeping at some miles distance from land the whole day, as if they were engaged in fishing, as night approached they drew towards the shore, about five miles to the west of St. Maloes ; where, in a small creek, formed by projecting rocks, they might land, and by a winding path gain the country.

The wind, which had hitherto been extremely favourable, still blew to the shore ; but it had risen as the sun set, and the water, curling and whitening as it rolled towards the beach, threatened an approaching storm. The vessel, therefore, could carry no sail ; and the old man taking in his canvas, rowed slowly and labouriously towards the point where they
had

had agreed to land. As the boat mounted the dark waves, or sunk between them, and as the coast before him rose indistinctly, or wholly disappeared, D'Alonville could not help reflecting on his strange situation, returning thus to the land of his ancestors. The cliffs, whose rugged forms were distinguishable through the gloom of evening, were the boundaries of Brittany! Once before he had seen them in returning from an excursion of pleasure, when in his early youth he had, with his father, visited Brest, and gone back by water with several ladies and friends. He recollected all the parties; not one, perhaps, now survived, unless it was his brother, of whom he dreaded to hear; but with whom, in the part of Brittany to which he was going, he comforted himself that it was improbable he should meet. At length, with very painful emotions, he saw himself once more on shore on the coast of France. He paid his conductor more than their agreement, and took his name, and the name of his son, whom he supposed

posed to be a prisoner in England. There was a possibility that should he ever return thither, he might find the young man living, and relieve the anguish of his unfortunate father, to whom, however, he forbore to hold out an hope that might never be realised.

It was about four in the morning when he parted with the old sailor; and hastened to leave the coast, scrambling along as well as he could, till he gained a beaten road, which he concluded led to some village, or small town. As the encreasing light made the objects distinct around him, he surveyed, with a mixture of regret and satisfaction, the uncultured ground, where little or no labour seemed to be going forward, though this was the season when the plough should have been most busy. A few women, and decrepit old men, were feebly exerting themselves here and there, to supply the deficiency of hands more able; their work was such as necessity only drove them to undertake, and they seemed dejected and unhappy, though

though some of the women and girls concealed their reluctance by the wild ribaldry with which they attacked D'Alonville, and by singing their patriotic songs.

The better to conceal himself, he answered them in their own way; and at length, from one group, obtained a direction to a village which was, he found, about six miles from the shore. He there entered a cabaret which was tolerable for that country; where, as the story he told, seemed to be believed, he supposed himself to be in no danger from troublesome enquiries. And he resigned himself to short repose, intending to resume his journey towards Merol the evening of the following day.

C H A P. V.

———I come, from exile come,
Revisiting my country; Thou “dear” shade
At whose “lone” tomb I bow; shade of my father!
Hear me, Oh hear!———

POTTER'S ESCHYLUS,

IN apostrophizing the spirit of his father; in looking back with painful recollection on the past, and with uneasy conjectures towards the future, D'Alonville continued his way, avoiding, as far as was possible, towns, and even villages; and as night came on, seeking shelter in the lone cottages of the peasantry, many of which he found deserted by all their male inhabitants; while the women and children who remained, were suffering the severest extremes of poverty. “And these,” cried he, frequently as he witnessed scenes of want and woe, as he saw the human figure deformed by famine, and the human character

character rendered ferocious by despair, “these are the boasted blessings of that liberty for which they have been four years contending—infatuated, misled people! The taille, the gabelle, the corvées, even the feudal services, however heavily imposed, what were they when compared to the oppressions under which you now labour! If ye had burthens under the government of an arbitrary monarch, ye danced gaily under them; but the yoke ye have put on yourselves weighs ye down to the earth—its iron points are stained with blood, and dipped in poison!” Such were the reflections to which the desolate state of his country gave rise in the breast of D’Alonville; and such reflections were natural to a native of France. An Englishman would perhaps have beheld the same scenes with different sensations—an Englishman might have thought the experiment right; and that the attempt to shake off such burthens as the taille, the gabelle, the corvées, and vassalage, was a glorious attempt, and failed only because the head-
long

long vehemence of the French national character, and the impossibility of finding (in a very corrupt nation, and among men never educated in notions of real patriotism*) a sufficient weight of abilities and integrity to guide the vessel in the revolutionary tempest, has occasioned it to fall into the hands of pirates, and utterly to destroy it. A coarser Briton, a plain John Bull, would say—"Those French fellows have not sense enough to be as free as we are;" and both would unquestionably agree in deprecating, in regard to his own country, any attempt at change, if the most complete reform was to be purchased by one week, or even one day, of such scenes as have been exhibited in France. They would, most undoubtedly, unite in declaring that even if the constitution of England had not

* It should be remembered that such was the mode of education in France among the inferior ranks, for middle rank there was none, that it was hardly possible such men could be entrusted with the legislative power, and not abuse it. They had never been taught what was really liberty, but to such men, power and plunder must have been desirable.

proved

proved itself to be the most calculated for general happiness, as it undoubtedly has*, if its delapidations from time were greater, and its defects more visible, yet, that since there must be faults and errors in every human institution, it is far wiser

“ To bear the ills we have

“ Than trust to others that we know not of.”

Without any accident worth recording, for he was fortunately unsuspected the whole way, D'Alonville at length arrived at Merol, where it was probable he might undergo a stricter examination. In these small towns the lowest of the people had emerged into municipal officers; and in every country it is equally true that no set of men are so offensively insolent as those who have acquired unexpected fortune, or unexpected authority.

Of this D'Alonville had soon a proof. Not many hours after his arrival at Merol, he was strolling through the streets in hopes of meeting St. Remi, or some other

* The same sentiment is better expressed in a former work of the author.

person

person he knew, when he was addressed by one of these newly-elected magistrates, who seeing in the national uniform a man who did not belong to that department, and whose air perhaps betrayed him not to be of the class of common soldiers, he stopped him, and rudely enquired, whence he came, and whither he was going? and it was not till he had gone through a very rude interrogatory, and even been confined two hours in the guard-house, that he was released on telling the same story he had before told, and producing his certificate as Philippe Joseph Coudé, that he was released from the impertinent enquiries and vulgar insults of this guardian of French liberty. It was, indeed, with the utmost difficulty that he conquered the indignation he felt at being questioned by such a low-born mechanic, and of being compelled, by self-preservation, to descend to the mean evasions of concealing his name, and falsifying conduct, in which he gloried; while the blood of a long line of illustrious ancestors, whom he had been taught

taught to number till they were lost in the remote royalty of Merovingian kings, rose indignantly, and tempted him to spurn, rather than to conciliate citizen Careau the white-smith.

This was but an ill omened beginning. He found, that to continue at Merol would be unsafe; yet should he quit it without meeting the party that had induced him to go thither, he knew not where to seek them, unless at the Castle of Vaudrecour; which the Abbé de St. Remi had informed him, was something more than two leagues from Merol; but from the vague directions he had received, either from Madame De Touranges, or in the obscure description of the Abbé, he doubted whether he should find his way to the place; and he feared to enquire, lest his purpose should be suspected. Melancholy, and uncertain how to act, he continued to wander about the streets of this small *bourgh*; examining every face that passed him—but he saw none that he knew—in many,

many, he thought he observed marks of reluctant acquiescence under the present government—in others, expressions of stifled rage and resentment. The people in whose house he had taken up his temporary lodging, were extremely poor: the man had kept a little shop at Rennes; but since the revolution, his business, which depended on the assembling of the parliament of that town, and on the persons who at that time frequented it, had failed. One of his sons had taken, much against his consent, a commission in the national army; and the other, who had been his assistant in his business, had emigrated. The father and mother, ruined in their circumstances by the loss of their former customers, and the heavy tax * they were condemned to pay for their emigrant son (from which the patriotism of the other did not exempt them), retired, quite broken-heart-

* There was in 1792, 100 louis a year imposed on the parents of every emigrant. What has since been extorted know not.



ed, to Merol, where they possessed a small house; and where they sought, in devotion, for the consolation which the world seemed to withdraw from their old age.

When D'Alonville applied to them for a lodging, it seemed as if they received him rather through fear, as he had the appearance of a soldier, than because they wished for any such inmate in their house: but the ingenuous countenance, and mild manners of their guest, so little resembling what they had been accustomed to see of late among the young men who had adopted the enthusiasm of the times, soon reconciled the ancient couple to his stay with them; the mistrust, with which they had at first considered him, was changed imperceptibly into kindness; and the old *Sieur la Barre*, often looked at him, as if he regretted to see him in the uniform he had on; at least, such was the interpretation that D'Alonville put on the pensive and sorrowful expression his countenance wore, when he fixed his eyes upon

upon him, as he sometimes did, for many minutes together. Other interpretations, however, might be put upon this behaviour: La Barre always scrupulously avoided all conversation whatever, on the state of public affairs; and whenever D'Alonville seemed disposed to lead the discourse to that subject, he only shrugged up his shoulders, and uttered a short ejaculation of pious resignation to the will of *Le Bon Dieu!* so that D'Alonville could not discover what were his real opinions, and was afraid of trusting him; though, after a few days, this fear would have worn off from his being almost convinced, that the sentiments of his host were the same as his own, had he not observed something of mystery about the whole house, which he could not comprehend. The only servant these poor old people kept, was a girl about seventeen, who was their orphan relation. This young person seemed often in confusion and terror; and once, when D'Alonville was sitting with La Barre and his wife, par-

taking a rather better dinner than they generally had, which he had purchased for them, the girl came in as pale as death; and trembling so that she could hardly speak, told La Barre, that she had just heard there was a search going to be made throughout the town for refractory priests. La Barre changed countenance; but recovering himself, answered, "Well Denise, *we* have no such persons you know—Monsieur here, who is certainly no priest, is our only lodger." His tranquillity, however, seemed to be much disturbed by this intelligence; he could not finish his dinner, but hurrying it over, went out on pretence of business, and his wife retired to her devotions, at which she passed great part of every day: she had often told D'Alonville that she had a little Oratory or Prie-Dieu at the top of her house; and all these circumstances, together with footsteps he had heard in the night, over the room where he slept, now made him entertain a strong suspicion, that some unhappy priest was hid-

den

den by La Barre, even at the risk of his own life, from the rage of his persecutors; perhaps St. Remi himself, or some one from whom he might learn where to seek the friends he so anxiously desired to find. Still, however probable this appeared, it was not certain; but D'Alonville, whose impatience become hourly greater, was determined to be satisfied, and examine from whence came the low noises he had heard of a night, at a time when he was almost sure La Barre and his wife were in bed.

Sleep had never been very propitious to him since he had had so many subjects of anxiety, and he was now little disposed to indulge it. The clock at the town-house struck one; and all had long since been quiet in the abode of La Barre, when D'Alonville thought he heard light footsteps pass near his door; but the staircase was of brick, and the sound did not echo as from wood. A door, however, was softly opened above him; and (as he thought the moment was now come to

satisfy himself, as to the real principles of the man whose house he was in) he arose from his bed, where he had thrown himself without undressing, and went as softly as possible up stairs, till he came to a door which belonged to a room over his own; he saw a light through the crevices, and pushing it gently, it opened. His appearance threw into the most extreme consternation a venerable pale figure, who, sitting at the foot of a very mean bed, was eating from a few pieces of board placed on tressels before it, some of the remains of La Barre's dinner of the day before; while Denise, the servant of the house, held a candle near him. The old priest, on the entrance of a stranger, and a stranger of D'Alonville's appearance, gave himself up for lost: he cast his eyes to Heaven, as in submission to its decrees; and endeavoured to prevent Denise, who threw herself at D'Alonville's feet, as he yet remained at the door, and implored his mercy for Le bon Prieur—and for them

them all—She would then have flown down stairs to call for the intercession of her master and mistress, but D'Alonville, detaining her by force, shut the door; and assuring her she entirely mistook his intentions, desired her to be calm, and to hear what he had to say.

The old ecclesiastic had soon recovered his presence of mind; and D'Alonville seated by him, presently satisfied his fears. He even ventured to reveal to him who he was, and with what motive he had quitted England to seek his friends, amidst all the perils with which they were surrounded: he added, that in thus discovering a person who had so many reasons to wish to be concealed, he had indulged no impulse of officious curiosity; but being convinced, from the conduct of the people in the house, for some days past, that there was a priest concealed in it, he had thus broken in upon him, in the hopes of obtaining some information where he might find the loyalists who were in the town, and particularly the

Abbé de St. Remi, and the Marquis de Touranges, whom he had hitherto fought in vain.

The Prieur sighed deeply. "Excellent young man!" said he, "how much your zeal affects me—may it be rewarded! and may *you*, at the propitious hour when Providence shall restore to our devoted country her honour among the nations; may you be acknowledged in virtue and in good fortune the genuine heir of your illustrious father." "Did you know my father?" cried D'Alonville. "I knew him well," replied the Prieur; "and I knew too his eldest son—I was his tutor when he was at Paris to finish his education—and I have seen him since."

"I cannot ask any questions about him," said D'Alonville, "being but too certain that I should only hear what would give me pain. But the Abbé de St. Remi—do you believe he has been, or is in this little town?"

"I know he was here," answered the Prieur, "though I conversed with him
only

only once. About fourteen days ago some persons obnoxious to, or suspected by the ruffians, who call themselves our rulers, were imprisoned, and one of them was murdered—the rest ventured not to meet again in the same places. I was under the necessity of flying from my concealment, where I sometimes conversed with them; and since I have seen nobody—so fearful am I of committing my hospitable friends of this house, who risk so much for my sake.” The Prieur then dismissed Denise: “Go, my child,” said he—“go to your repose; you leave me here with a friend—Speak to nobody of what you have heard, as you value your hopes of Heaven.” The poor girl, who began to look on D’Alonville as sent from thence (so forcible an impression had the sudden transition from fear to confidence made upon her), promised to be secret and faithful, and went down more devoted to aristocracy than ever; for though devotion had made her extremely attached to the good old priest,

there was something much more fascinating in the loyalty and piety of the handsome young foldier.

When Denise was gone, D'Alonville entered more fully into his hopes and expectations; he repeated what he had deeply engraved on his memory, the purport of the last letter he had received from St. Remi (for the letter itself he had thought it prudent to destroy); and which spoke of the rendezvous that was held at the Chateau of Vaudrecour; to which he declared his intention of going the following night. The Prieur approved of his resolution, and gave him, as well as he could, the necessary directions how to find it; but he did not seem very sanguine in his hopes that the royalists still held there their nocturnal rendezvous; he rather feared, that since the last alarm they might be dispersed, and that such of them as remained, no longer ventured to assemble, even in that remote and abandoned spot.

D'Alonville, however, had better hopes;

hopes; he knew the calm and persevering courage of St. Remi, and rather apprehended De Touranges's rashness, than supposed it likely that he would easily abandon an enterprize, from excessive caution.

D'Alonville left the good Prieur to his repose, after receiving from him many blessings, and retired to bed in the hope that he had thus fortunately found a line of connection with those he came to seek. He thought also, that La Barre would probably give him farther information; but whether from his natural timidity, or from the party fearing he might be suspected, he did not appear to have been entrusted with their designs, and had contented himself with the share he took in the general danger, by protecting one of the persecuted priests.

With such information, however, as he had collected, D'Alonville began his journey at noon the next day, and found, for some distance, his way by the marks which the Prieur had given him. At the distance,

ance of three quarters of a league from the town, he entered on a tract of that kind of country which are called *landes* in France, and which, when they do occur, are more dreary and desolate even than the heaths of England, where the labourer builds his little cottage on the edge of the waste, for the advantage of its turf, and its summer feed; or the proprietor of the manor clumps it with Scottish firs, or hardy forest trees, to break the lurid hue of its surface; or collects the scattered springs, and enlightens it with sheets of water.

On the wide and wild waste that D'Alonville traversed, not a human being appeared; not an animal that gave intimation of the habitation of man; and, except that the few stunted trees which were thinly dispersed about it were cut for fuel, there was nothing that distinguished this mournful solitude from the rude desarts of an uninhabited country.

In every part of France there were formerly great numbers of those animals
which

which in England are called game; for the preservation of which those forest laws were made, which though not enforced, remain as records of our subjection; and from whence have sprung the subsequent game laws, the continual source of oppression and dispute. These animals appeared to be extirpated in France; and not only the wild boar, deer, and fox, of whose depredations the farmers so justly complained, were destroyed, but every bird or beast, that had formerly been appropriated to the pleasures of the great. This and other symptoms of general devastation (which D'Alonville was not, among so many more serious misfortunes, yet philosopher enough to see without regret), became yet more evident, when in following the way that had been pointed out to him, he at length reached what he believed to be the extensive woods which surrounded on all sides the castle of Vaudrecour. Here he found the boundaries broken down, the young trees almost entirely demolished, and a great deal

deal of fine timber mangled, and even burnt, as no plan seemed to have been observed in the destruction, where the sole purpose was to destroy.—A dead silence reigned. Even the woodlark, the robin, or the thrush, which at this season are usually heard among the woods, chaunting faint preludes to the more general music of advancing spring, were scared away, and no sound was among the trees but the chill north-east, giving to the sky, and to every object around, the cold and comfortless look of middle winter. Sometimes D'Alonville found a flight path, but oftener wandered without any direction; till he at last got into one of those avenues which are cut for the purposes of hunting. It was almost overgrown with brush wood and rank grass; but he knew that in following it he should get into other wood walks, some of which would lead to the castle, where he wished to be before evening, though he had no intention of reaching it sooner. It appeared through a vista wider than the others he had traversed;

versed ; the destruction of the trees had just there been less than at the extremity of the woods, and a great number of pines and firs darkly shaded the skirts of the lawn on which this great pile of building was situated. It seemed, at the distance from which D'Alonville saw it, to be quite deserted. He did not chuse, while it was yet early in the afternoon, to approach nearer ; but sat down on a fallen tree, and surveyed the gloomy scenes around him in a disposition of mind well suited to their dreariness. He recollected his first arrival at Rosenheim—the sad event that passed there was as present to his memory as it was the hour after it had happened—and his memory ran over every circumstance than had befallen him since. A few hours would determine whether he should find his friends in the prospect of shewing themselves together in arms ; or missing them, endeavour to rejoin Ellesmere on the frontiers. Which ever way his fate determined, happiness and Angelina seemed to be equally remote.

CHAP.

mote. He thought it improbable that he should ever return to England. All that he had seen or heard since his landing in France had concurred to depress the hopes which he had indulged, of the arrival of that hour, when he should be in a situation to claim, in circumstances less mortifying, the hand of the woman he loved.

C H A P. VI.

“ Huge,

“ Grey mouldering ruins swell, and wide o'ercast

“ The solitary landscape, hills and woods

“ And boundless wilds.”

DYER.

THE ancient and immense pile of building called the castle of Vaudrecour, had once been a strong fortress, built originally to guard the south-eastern boundary of the province of Brittany, while it yet belonged to its native princes; but Louis the Eleventh, in his frequent attempts to possess himself of that great fief, had taken this chateau, and it became nominally part of his dominions. Buried among woods, and a wild tract of mountainous country, it suited the gloomy disposition of that sullen and ferocious tyrant; and he here had acted many of those tragedies which rendered him the terror of his own abject and insulted people; while he lay in wait to gain farther advantages

vantages over the duke de Bretagne ; and depopulated the borders by suffering, and even promoting, among his vassals, innumerable atrocities against the inhabitants. It was fortified by all the skill of that age, aided by several devices dictated by his own terrors ; and many vestiges of these precautions remained, giving to the exterior of the building an appearance more menacing and horrid than such fabricks usually wear, even when they are more entire than Vaudrecour now was : for much of it had fallen to decay, though many parts yet retained their Gothic horrors unimpaired. A small river had once filled the triple moat that had surrounded it, and yet ran round the whole castle, stealing away almost unperceived among reeds and bushes, till it was lost in the woods ; but in wet seasons its original passage being choaked by masses of the fallen ruins, the stream spread itself over the flatter ground, and made an almost impassable morass on that side from whence D'Alonville surveyed it.

Charles

Charles the Eighth, who had little reason to be delighted with any place which had been the theatre of his father's domestic caprices and cruelties, gave the castle, and its domain, to Louis d'Amboise; and it descended from that family to the family of De Touranges in the reign of Louis the Thirteenth. Some of its various lords had occasionally resided at it; for the domain around it was extensive, and the power of its possessor so great, as to be gratifying to that spirit of tyranny which high birth and great possessions are too apt to encourage. The present Marquis De Touranges had but seldom seen it, having been there only twice with large parties of his friends, for the purpose of passing the festival of St. Hubert*, in a country abounding with game; but his feudal rights (and in Brittany *les Droits du Seigneur*, were particularly absurd and

* St Hubert is the titular saint of hunters. In France it was usual for the noblesse to assemble on that day in large parties in the great chateaux, and to remain a fortnight, or longer; passing the mornings in the chase, and the evenings in cards and dancing.

oppressive),

oppressive), had unfortunately been insisted upon with too much rigour by the persons who were entrusted with the management of his affairs in this province, which had raised the resentment of the peasantry around him, though he was himself no otherwise to blame than in not preventing that abuse, which is almost always the consequence when power is delegated to the mercenary and ignorant.

The distance, however, at which this castle was from any considerable town, its gloomy obscurity, situated as it was among woody hills, and a vague notion that it was yet possible to render it a place of security, if he could assemble in it a number of his friends, were the considerations that induced the present Marquis de Touranges' intention of resorting thither, and to make it the secret rendezvous of his party.

How far this scheme had succeeded, D'Alonville had no means of discovering from the outward appearance of the building.

building ; for the only animated beings he saw near it were the rooks and daws, who were busy in building among the broken battlements and surrounding trees ; or the grey owl, which skimmed along the outward wall on her evening search for food. The other sides of the building might, he thought, offer some signals less discouraging. He arose to find his way among the trees, when, having gone about fifty yards, he saw between the stems of those before him, something move, which seemed to be a human creature ; but of what description he could not immediately discover. He approached, however, but still this equivocal shape altered not its pace, nor seemed to heed him, though he was now near enough to discern that it was a woman. She appeared old and decrepit, and as if labouring under the weight of something she carried. D'Alonville, who imagined this was a neighbouring peasant, of whom he might venture to ask some questions without any fear of betraying himself, now spoke to her ; but she moved on
the

the same pace, without noticing him—he stepped before, and stopped her. She looked up, and, within a sort of black cowl, discovered a countenance so extremely hideous, that D’Alonville started back as if he had beheld a spectre. Had he been read in Shakespeare he must have exclaimed,

“How now, you secret, black, and midnight hag,

“What is’t you do?—”

D’Alonville’s mode of address was less abrupt, but the withered crone seemed offended at it; and, instead of replying to his question, asked him, in a voice that made him shudder, what he would have? To this question he deliberated a moment what to answer, while the beldame added, in a mumbling, hollow voice, and in the dialect of the country, “Go not to the castle.” “Not go!” exclaimed D’Alonville, who was surprised by this unexpected charge. “No,” replied the hag, in a still more terrific voice, “it will not answer your purpose.” She moved slowly on, but D’Alonville, who was thrown entirely

tirely off his guard, again stopped her, and repeating, "Not answer my purpose?" added, "Do you know me, then?" "Know you," answered the witch, nodding her head, "Aye, aye, I know you." "You know, then," said D'Alonville, "for what purpose I am come?" He checked himself, recollecting that it was highly improbable such a person *could* know. In the mean while the old woman pursued her way; and D'Alonville looking after her, as slowly she passed among the trees, almost persuaded himself that he should see the ground open, and this frightful apparition sink into it. However, she disappeared, not supernaturally, but was lost in a part of the wood which yew and fir-trees rendered entirely dark.

The black huntsman* in the forest of Fontainebleau, whose remonstrance of

* "On cherche encore," says the duke de Sully, "de quelle nature pouvoit être ce prestige, vu si souvent, et par tant d'yeux dans la foret de Fontainebleau. C'etoit un fantome environné d'une meute de chiens dont on entendoit les cris, et qu'on voyoit de loin, mais qui disparoissoit lorsqu'on s'en approchoit."

“*Amendez vous,*” is said to have shaken the fearless heart of Henry the Fourth, or the spectre which seized the bridle of Charles the Sixth in the wood of Mans, and warned him not to advance, crying, in a hoarse and threatening voice, “*Arete Roi, ou va tu * ?*”—were neither of them more dreadful to those who saw, or fancied they saw them, than was to D’Alonville the fearful being, who hardly seemed an inhabitant of this world.

“But it was now growing late ; and D’Alonville, when he lost sight of her, paused to consider what he should do. — A moment’s reflection made him ashamed of having been more alarmed by the squalid and distorted figure of an helpless

Pirefixe en fait mention, et fait dire a ce fantome d’une voix rauque et epouvantable, *m’attendez vous, ou amendez vous, ou m’entendez vous.* This description resembles that of the black spectre. Guido Cavalcanti, in Dryden’s tale of Theodore and Honoria.

* In a forest between Mans and La Fleche, a tall man, black, and hideous, came suddenly from among the trees, and seizing the king’s bridle, made this exclamation, then instantly disappeared. Wraxall’s History of the House of Valois.

old

old woman, than he had ever felt himself amidst the hottest action during his short campaign; and, as if to make his peace with himself, he stepped forward, resolving to enter the castle, where he was persuaded there must be inhabitants. If they were his friends his solicitude would be at an end; if otherwise, he could easily dissimulate, as he had hitherto done, his real purpose. He crossed the morafs, therefore, on some broad and rugged stones, which seemed to have been brought from the ruinous part of the building for that purpose, and entered over a draw-bridge, which had long forgotten its original destination, for the chains were gone; it led him under a gateway which had formerly been secured by a portcullis on one side, and on the other by a cauldron, from whence boiling water, or lead, might have been thrown on the besiegers. The iron work, however, was torn away, and the walls, from whence it had been forced, left in ruins, which threatened him as he passed under them; while he saw with

some surprise the unguarded state in which all this remained, and feared that his friends had failed of establishing here their general assembly. The dead silence that reigned throughout confirmed these fears. He crossed the second moat by another draw-bridge, and came into the area of the castle ; of the strength and magnitude of which he had till then had no idea. The same marks of depredation appeared about this entrance, as he had remarked at the gate-way. A stone porch was closed towards the internal part of the building by a massy door, which had been covered with plates and spikes of iron. Some of these had been torn off lately, and the door broken by the force that had been used. The immense hall into which this led him, was so obscure from its great height, its oak-beams blackened by time, and its high and narrow windows, that it was with difficulty he could make out the objects with which he was surrounded : in some places the broken brick floor was strewn with

with pieces of those gigantic statues, some of which still remained entire, on a kind of cornice half way up the sides of the hall; and these, which had been thrown down and broken, seemed to have been removed for the sake of the brass and iron armour they had supported. Two or three iron helmets, an immense leathern shield, lined and studded with brass, and a long and heavy iron lance, were scattered on the floor. D'Alonville, as he looked around him, thought he had never seen a place so calculated to impress terror; and though personal fear affected him but little, he could not help being sensible of dread of another sort. He thought, from what he saw, that it was but too probable his friends had been driven from the castle, that it had been plundered by the people of the country of whatever they found useful to them, and that the old woman, who seemed to be carrying off something herself, meant no more by the warning she had given him, than to deter him from going thither, to share the spoils

G 2

which

which yet remained, which she, perhaps, supposed to be his purpose.

Though every moment gave new strength to these unwelcome conjectures, D'Alonville would not yet give up the search; but as it was growing dark it was time to be satisfied, for he found no great temptation to pass the night in this comfortless abode. On the side of the hall opposite to him, he saw an open door; it led to a long cloister, lighted by narrow windows, which looked into a court so surrounded by high buildings, that it was almost as obscure as the place he was in; but he could just distinguish it to be the burying ground of the castle; and against the opposite wall was a monument and a cross; two or three other tombs, as it should seem of inferior magnificence, were near it; but they were more ancient, and half hidden by ivy. The contemplation of so gloomy a place was not much calculated to animate the wearied spirits of the anxious wanderer; he turned from it, and was
about

about to go back to the hall, and from thence in search of other apartments, when he thought he heard a noise at the end of the cloyster ; it seemed, at first, to be a low murmur, as of some person speaking—but listening again, he fancied, the second time, it was not a human voice, but rather, that of some animal, he supposed a dog. The place from whence it proceeded was so nearly dark, that he could distinguish nothing ; but the low plaintive noise, like that a dog makes who is shut out from following his master, was now more distinct—He stepped eagerly forward, for he thought he had a clue to guide him to some human being ; but his way was impeded by something which he did not perceive till his feet struck against it—he stooped to examine what it was, and, shuddering, recoiled from the clay-cold touch of a corpse. Hardly proof against the encreasing horrors that surrounded him, he was almost involuntarily retreating towards the hall, when again a cry from the dog, and an

impatient, though faint bark, as if the creature asked his assistance, determined him to discover where it was confined: a door was visible a few steps farther by the light which came through the crevices; he stepped cautiously along, fearful of treading on the dead body, or on another, and at length reached the door—he listened while he felt about for the lock—and heard the dog again, who now scratched against the door, and repeated the mournful noise he had heard before; he found the lock, and with difficulty pushed the door open. He saw an almost circular room, which admitted light only from above; in it was one of those cages, in which it is said Louis the Eleventh was accustomed to confine the miserable objects of his revenge; and around it were several ancient machines of iron and wood, which D'Alonville took for the instruments of torture he had often heard of, but had never before seen. On the opposite side was a large hole in the pavement resembling the mouth of
of

of a well. The dog, who was so weak he could hardly move, came fawning towards D'Alonville as soon as he appeared; then crawled to the brink of this hideous chasm, and looking down, cried in a voice of distress; then again staggered towards D'Alonville, and again seemed to implore his assistance. He advanced, and looked into the dark gulph; and it now occurred to him, that this was an oubliette*, a kind of dungeon which he had often heard described; and now struck him, that his friends had been pursued and surpris'd, and that the dead body he had found, as well as the master of this faithful animal, were among the victims who had perished in consequence

* In feudal times the castles of the great barons, who had the power of inflicting any punishment they pleased on their offending vassals, were furnished with instruments of torture, and dungeons were constructed in them more or less gloomy and dreadful. Into the oubliettes, it is said, the miserable victims were let down with a small quantity of provisions, and enquired after no more; but were left to perish with hunger among the damp and dark vaults under the castle. There was one of these remaining at Hurstmencaux castle in Suffex about the year 1773.

of this discovery—perhaps one of them might be De Touranges, or St. Remi. His blood ran cold as he canvassed these sad possibilities, and he stood for some moments petrified with horror—In the mean time, the dog continued his importunities; till at length the poor animal, as if it gave itself up to despair, sighed deeply, and laid down; his head hanging almost over the brink of the pit. When it was thus calm, D'Alonville listened earnestly to hear if there was any noise within the gulph, for some living creature might be there: he fancied that he heard a low and tremulous groan:—he threw himself on the pavement, for the purpose of hearing more distinctly; and was soon assured that some being existed within this frightful cavity. He called aloud, applying his mouth close to its edge—“Is any one within this dungeon?”—For some time, his own voice only, returned to him in fullen echoes. He repeated the question yet louder; and listening with the most anxious attention, he
heard

heard an hollow and almost inarticulate sound from the dark bowels of the vault, "I die—help me, for the love of God—It will be soon too late."

Animated by the humane hope of rescuing a fellow creature from a death so deplorable, D'Alonville no longer thought of himself; but collecting all his presence of mind, he again loudly demanded, what help he could give? And if the oubliette was very deep; by the distance from whence the voice seemed to come, he hoped it was not. The encreasing darkness made him dread lest it would be impossible to rescue the wretched prisoner that night; and he seemed to be so exhausted that it was improbable he should live till morning. D'Alonville looked about to see if there was any thing he could let down; and a long coil of rope, probably the same that had been used to bury the miserable being who implored his assistance, lay not far from the jaws of this grave of the living. D'Alonville asked, if he believed he had

strength enough to help himself with it to ascend. The unfortunate wretch, who was roused to exertion by this hope of deliverance, answered, that he thought he could :—But D'Alonville doubting it, had the precaution to form a strong loop at one end, and to tie the other to a large iron ring which projected from the wall ; for he feared his own strength would be unequal to the weight. The wretched man, exhausted as he had before appeared, 'seemed to have regained a portion of resolution ; he secured the rope round him—D'Alonville exerted his whole force ; and with incredible efforts he found he had got the unhappy sufferer so high, that he supported himself with his hands and knees against the rugged stones towards the mouth of the dungeon, where it was narrower than below. It would be difficult to describe what were the sensations of D'Alonville when he saw moving beneath him a human being whom he had thus rescued from destruction. Another effort brought him to the
brink

brink of the cavern—he stepped upon it—he was in safety—but he leaned against his benefactor, and, unable to speak, fainted away.

D'Alonville recollected, that not knowing whither he was going, or how he was to fare, and very certain that he should be out all night, he had put a small bottle of cordial into his pocket at his leaving Merol, with a piece of bread. He endeavoured to make the apparently dying man swallow a few drops of the liquid; and in some minutes he revived; but he appeared equally incapable of giving any account how he came into that place, or of moving from it; yet the strange circumstances around him, and a crowd of frightful possibilities that crowded into his thoughts, made D'Alonville believe it more than time to attend to his own safety, as well as that of the poor creature with him; who appeared (though nothing could be judged from his dress, for he had only a shirt and hussars on) to be a man of inferior rank.

In about a quarter of an hour, he was enough recovered to relate, in a weak and broken voice, that he had been *gard de chasse* to the Marquis de Touranges—but having said so, he stopped, as if afraid of proceeding.—D'Alonville reassured him, by protesting that he was the friend of the Marquis, and had come thither to meet him, and the Abbé St. Remi. Thus reassured, the poor man, endeavouring again to recollect and explain himself, went on to relate, that he had been left with another huntsman and two women servants in the care of the castle, where they remained long unmolested, as they did not attempt to check the peasants in their depredations on the game, and the woods of their Lord, which would have been to no purpose. That about two months before, they were surprised by the return of the Marquis, whom they had believed dead: that he concealed himself in the castle, occasionally, for some time, and many of his friends resorted to him by night; but

but that about ten days or a fortnight before, some accident discovered their rendezvous to the municipality of Merol; who surrounded the castle, and took many prisoners, whom they carried away.

“And were your Lord, and the Abbé de St. Remi, in the number of these prisoners?” enquired D’Alonville. “I believe they escaped,” replied the man; “but the confusion was so great, that I do not certainly know. As I passed among the crowd without being noticed, I remained in the castle five or six days afterwards, concealing myself as well as I could, and expecting a return of the officers; but I knew not whither to go; and had no other means of subsistence.”

D’Alonville found something obscure and confused in this part of the poor man’s account; but in such a state, great precision could not have been expected, even if he had not been conscious, as perhaps he might be, that there was something to hide.

After

After some hesitation, as if to recover his recollection, he proceeded—

“ While I was in hourly fear of being taken prisoner too, Sir, the peasants of the two small bourgs of St. Etienne, and la Chapelle du Bois, which are within two leagues, assembled in a body, and came to plunder the castle. I opposed them with two or three other persons whom I had procured to stay with me ; but we were overpowered by numbers. One of my companions was killed, and they threw me into the dungeon in revenge for the trouble I had given them ; telling me, that I should stay there a day or two to see how I liked the places where my *ci-devant* lord had it in his power to condemn to death any one who offended him. It is two days since I have been there. I have heard them since about the castle, and I exhausted myself in imploring their mercy in vain. They came not ; and had *you* not found me by means of my faithful Diane, I must very soon have perished.”

Though

Though D'Alonville, amidst the terrifying circumstance, and the inevitable confusion of his own mind, thought he perceived that the account thus given was not strictly true, it was now no time to controvert its veracity—all hopes of re-joining his friends here were at an end; and nothing remained to be done but to take his departure, as soon as possible, from a scene of desolation and murder, which the most undaunted heart could not contemplate without shrinking. The miserable shivering wretch, so recently rescued from the grave, where he had been buried alive, implored his protector not to forsake him; and the humanity of D'Alonville was too much awakened, to allow him to think of consulting merely his own safety, without attending to that of this unfortunate being. The idea of passing a night on the brink of the hideous cavity from whence this poor sufferer had arisen, and among the damps issuing from a chain of subterraneous vaults into which it led, with a dead body at the door, was
extremely

extremely uncomfortable ; and D'Alonville asked, if there was no part of the castle where they could be less annoyed by these horrors ; for to quit it before the break of day would have been hardly practicable, even if the wretched man had been able to set out, which he was not. Though much restored, he was still feeble and trembling, the powers of his mind were evidently alienated by the fear and famine he had suffered, and his spirits were so entirely depressed, that he clung to D'Alonville with the imbecility of age or infancy.

A dead silence followed the questions D'Alonville had been asking ; the man, quite exhausted, had thrown himself at his length on the pavement ; his dog, resting its head on the knees of his master, seemed to be content that he had found him, and ready to share his fate. The encreasing obscurity of evening gave dreariness to every object ; and what faint light there was, falling from the roof of this

this sepulchral-like room, on the ghastly countenance, and emaciated form of the man, and the instruments of imprisonment and torture that were round the walls, made D'Alonville think it the most dreadful place he had ever been in, and this, the most terrible period of his life, since the hour when he apprehended the death of his father, without having the power of assisting him. That native courage and indifference to personal inconvenience, which had then supported him, were still the same; but he had no longer the same motives for their exertion. Discouraged not only by having lost sight of his friends, but by the fear of their having fallen into the hands of their persecutors, baffled in his generous hopes of serving and saving De Touranges, and seeing but little probability even of returning to England, or to Flanders, he would have sunk into despondence, had he not roused himself by the recollection of his father's last injunction, and disdained to give up to the pilfering

fering peasantry of an obscure district, a life which might yet be honourably lost in that service to which it had originally been dedicated.

The half dead object on whom he looked with mingled emotions of pity and horror, threatened to be a very dangerous companion to him in returning to Merol, for it was very likely he might be known as a servant of the Marquis—yet to Merol it seemed necessary to return. D'Alonville, after some meditation, desired the man to recollect if he had no means of striking a light, and whether the castle did not afford some kind of food which would give him strength to quit it. Thus urged, self-preservation once more awakened the man to some activity. He said, he believed that he could find means to strike a light, but he did not imagine that the plunderers, who had been for so long time in possession of the castle, had left any thing eatable within its walls.

D'Alonville

D'Alonville now assisted him to rise, and bade him lean on his arm, while they explored, amid the almost total darkness that now surrounded them, the passages and avenues of this gloomy building.

C H A P. VII.

“ I have supped full, with horrors.”

SHAKESPEARE.

AGAIN the murdered body, which had before impeded his passage, made D'Alonville start, and pass it shuddering. The poor man seemed ready to faint; and fear seemed again to have taken such possession of him, that it was with difficulty he could be persuaded to go on. The wind groaned mournfully along the cloister, and muttered round the buttresses without. The man, in a low tremulous voice, entreated D'Alonville to stop—“ Hark !” said he, “ there is a noise—I hear them in the hall!—Oh ! Sir, we shall be murdered at last !” D'Alonville listened—“ I hear nothing,” said he, “ but the wind—Your past sufferings have made you too apprehensive—let us, however, proceed cautiously; though I think it is most likely, that the
persons

persons who have robbed the castle retired in the evening with their plunder, and that they will not return till morning to renew their robbery." Again they stopped and listened, but still heard only the wind; and the gard de chasse, a little re-assured by D'Alonville's reason and resolution, proceeded with more courage.

They entered the great hall; but it was by this time so dark, that they were obliged to feel their way, and D'Alonville expected every moment to find another corpse in his path. At length they reached a sort of anti-room, where the man felt for, and found a closet, in which were materials for striking a light, and some pieces of candle. Thus furnished with the means of finding their way, they descended to the kitchen, an immense vault-like room, where the almost famished wretch, fortunately, found enough to appease the hunger that devoured him: D'Alonville, wearied as he was, felt no disposition to eat, but he took a piece of bread, and again began to reflect on the

the

the strange situation he was in, and the necessity of quitting it as soon as possible; but the night was now so entirely obscure that he could not distinguish any object whatever without; he thought there was equal danger in remaining, or in going out with a light, if any lurking villains were about the castle; and he doubted whether it would be possible without a light to cross the morafs. While he meditated the garde de chasse continued to devour whatever he could find, though he shared it with the faithful animal which had been the means of his preservation, and which appeared as much famished as his master. Unable to decide on what would be the safest method to pursue, D'Alonville at length asked the man his opinion, and expressed his fears lest the light should betray them. Terror, which had for a while subsided, again took possession of Rameau (which was the name of the garde de chasse), and he declared, that they had better incur any hazard than let any signs appear without that there were persons

persons in the castle. His extreme pusillanimity, and the helpless reliance he seemed to have on D'Alonville, would have disgusted his protector, if the dreadful circumstances he had so lately been in, had not appeared an apology for every thing. D'Alonville bade him recollect how much their mutual safety depended on his resolution and calmness; but he found him incapable of listening to any thing but his fears—Yet from the profound silence around the castle there seemed, at least, nothing to apprehend. The poor fellow was, however, absolutely delirious; and the eager manner in which he had devoured the food he had found, seemed to have deprived him of the little remaining reason he possessed, instead of recruiting his strength.

In a situation so singular and deplorable, D'Alonville knew not how to act. He could easily have gone alone from a place where certainly the morning ought not to find him; but his good nature and humanity repressed, as soon as it arose,
the

the idea of abandoning to a fate as horrid as that from which he had rescued him, an unhappy man, whose sufferings he should in this case only have prolonged. The poor wretch was in an agony when D'Alonville spoke of the danger they were both in; yet, when he bade him think how they could but escape those dangers, he seemed to be deprived of every ray of sense, and became a perfect driveller—His eyes were glaring and wild—his countenance pale and haggard—He could with difficulty walk—and D'Alonville was convinced, that if he left the castle, he should not be able to conduct him ten paces.

At length he determined, as it was not yet more than ten o'clock, to insist upon Rameau's lying down to sleep somewhere for an hour or two. He was almost convinced, that there was no persons around the castle at this moment; it was very improbable that any one would appear there before the break of day; and he hoped, if his luckless companion was
restored

restored to his senses by a few hours rest, that he should be able to see him in some place of safety before this danger arose; which might, indeed, after all, be chimerical.

Having taken this resolution, then, D'Alonville spoke peremptorily, and told Rameau to shew him some part of the castle least liable to observation from without. It was some time before Rameau could be made to comprehend him.—At last he led the way up a great stair case to a gallery, trembling at every step he took, and looking wildly around him.—The faint light he held served only to render the dilapidated state of these gloomy, but once magnificent apartments, more visible. The pictures, some of them of great antiquity, and some painted on the wall, were almost the only pieces of furniture that had not been either carried away, or torn in the attempts that had been made to remove them: this place adjoined to one of those colonades, or open galleries, which were once to be

seen in most of the great chateaux in France. Something like them may yet be found in old houses in England, now converted into inns ; an open gallery running across from one part of the building to another ; on one side opening into other apartments, on the opposite side supported by pillars. Those that were ranged along the outward part of that into which D'Alonville now followed his trembling conductor, were of massy wood, carved, gilt, and painted in a very antique fashion ; but the gilding was still fresh, and even glaringly caught the light ; on the other side were fantastic paintings unlike any beings which " this world owns." D'Alonville traversed this place for a while in silence.—His footsteps, and those of his companion, echoed loudly on the hollow boards ; and it was evident that neither silence nor concealment of the light were here to be found. He turned hastily to Rameau :— " Whither are we going ?" said he, " Surely we are more likely to be discovered here than even below ?" The
man

man fixed on him his unmeaning idiot-like eyes; and after a pause, as if to recall his scattered senses, said, "No, Mon Seigneur; for, if you please to observe, the court below is surrounded with buildings; there is the chapel, and there is the hall, and along the other side the king's apartments, as they have been always called, "and here," added he, staggering on before D'Alonville, "here are rooms which are most likely of any in the castle to have escaped being searched and plundered." He opened a gilt and painted door, and D'Alonville followed him into two small rooms, which, having no other entrance but from this gallery, had somehow or other been overlooked by the banditti who had robbed the castle; in each was a bed which had once been magnificent, but they were now dropping to pieces. D'Alonville bade his companion leave him the light, and take possession of the inner one, while he would himself, he said, lay down for an hour or two on the other.—The poor man obeyed

H 2

him;

him; but D'Alonville, thus left to himself, felt no inclination, notwithstanding all the fatigue he had undergone, to attempt taking any repose; the damp and gloomy bed seemed more repulsive than inviting; and opening the high old-fashioned casement, with some difficulty he placed himself at the window, determined to wait the return of morning, and with its earliest dawn to quit the castle with Rameau, on his way back to Merol.

Had he been inclined to indulge the dreams of superstition, no situation could have been imagined more calculated to create all its visionary horrors. The place he looked into was a large court, part of which was the cimetry he had seen from the cloister.—On all sides were high, dark, gothic buildings; within whose dreary walls, besides the numberless wretches who had formerly perished there, lay a recently murdered man—perhaps one of those friends whom he had braved so many perils to find. Above, indeed, he saw, amidst the clouds of night, a few stars,

stars, such as he remembered to have remarked, almost six months before, when he passed the night on the ground, supporting his expiring father. "You are the same," cried he, "bright planets, destined, perhaps, to act as suns to worlds more happy than this; while it seems as if this globe we crawl upon tended to towards its final decay; and that the great author of its existence, wearied with the wickedness and folly of its inhabitants, had determined on its annihilation. Yet are we anxious about the trifling and paltry occurrences of life; and in countries more happy than this, why indeed should their people not enjoy the fleeting hours of existence? It is in France only where life is become a continual tragedy. Angelina," continued he, "beloved Angelina! I release thee from all those dear promises, which to have thee fulfil would once have been the happiness of my life; I cannot, I ought not to think more of thee, unless to wish and pray for thy felicity with some less unhappy man than

thy devoted D'Alonville."—In such, and in yet more melancholy contemplations, the weary hours passed, unmarked by any sound that told their progress; for the great clock of the castle was spoiled from neglect, and some of its work had been carried away.

At length, after one of the most comfortless nights he ever remembered, he saw the pale rays of morning faintly glimmer over the eastern battlements; and as he knew it would in a few moments be light enough for them to see their way, he lost no time in rousing his companion from the deep sleep into which he had fallen.—It was not without difficulty that he brought him to a perfect recollection of what had happened, and to a clear sense of the exertions it was now necessary to make, to escape from a repetition of such evils. At length Rameau became more composed, and they descended together. As D'Alonville passed through the hall, he was seized with a desire to know whether the corpse that lay
near

near the oubliette, was that of one of his friends, and he proposed going to inspect it ; but he found the garde de chasse so terror-struck with the mere idea of such a spectacle, that he forbore to press him ; and, on going himself, had at least the melancholy satisfaction of being convinced that the dead person was a stranger to him ; and, he thought, a peasant.

Rameau was almost without clothes. It would have been desirable to have changed his appearance by some means of disguise, but none was at hand. All D'Alonville could do, was to give him a thick flannel waistcoat he himself wore under his other clothes ; and having thus equipped him, and exhorting him to courage, he led the way out of this dismal abode, and hastened to gain the nearest path to Merol.

They proceeded silently near three quarters of a mile, and had, by a shorter way than that by which D'Alonville came, nearly got through the woodlands, that on every side encompassed the castle, when

they suddenly heard loud voices immediately near them, and were at once surrounded by fourteen or fifteen peasants, who, stopping them, demanded an account of who they were, and from whence they came?

D'Alonville, disengaging himself from the savage who had seized him, and grasping one of his pistols beneath his great coat, began to tell the same story which had so often carried him through similar enquiries. But all his precautions were here vain; the garde de chasse was already known—and D'Alonville was as soon recognized for his deliverer, and of course included in his guilt, whatever it was. He was instantly overpowered; his arms found, and taken from him, served as additional proofs of his delinquency, and he expected nothing but immediate death. However, after some consultation among his captors, it was concluded, that by his having ventured to the castle at such a time, to deliver a servant of the Marquis's from the punishment so justly inflicted upon
upon

upon him ; from his being armed, and from his general appearance, that he was a prisoner of some consequence, who had probably much to reveal—for which reason they resolved to carry him immediately to Rennes ; where he might be examined by persons high in authority. D'Alonville, therefore, soon saw himself confined by cords in a cart, and with his ill-starred companion Rameau, on his way to Rennes. His sensations, during such a journey, may be better imagined than described.

C H A P. VIII.

Fols 'io pintoſto, o pintoſto non nato!

A che, fiero deſtin, ſerbarmi in vita

Per condermi a vedere

Spettacolo ſi crudo, e ſi dolente!

GUARINY.

THE unhappy D'Alonville, on arriving at Rennes, was thrown into the common priſon with Rameau, who ſeemed to be again ſunk into a ſtate of ſtupefaction, and no longer ſenſible of his condition.

Convinced that his life was forfeited, D'Alonville diſdained to attempt its preſervation by miſrepreſenting himſelf or his intentions; and he determined to avow both, whenever he ſhould be examined by the commiſſioners of the Convention, two of whom, he was informed, were arrived the evening before from Paris, to try a great number of priſoners confined at Rennes for counter-revolutionary projects; to direct their puniſhment on the ſpot, or to order them to Paris.

On

On entering the prison D'Alonville was shocked to see so many women, apparently of superior rank ; military men advanced in years, of the most respectable appearance ; and very young persons, who must have been incapable of having offended against the inconsistent and ridiculous laws which were every day issued and revoked. Ever in search of De Touranges and St. Remi, he anxiously examined the countenances of every person he saw ; and met some that he recollected, though they seemed to retain no remembrance of him, but turned from him with evident disgust, when they observed his dress, believing that he was one of those, who, by a late repentance, had incurred the resentment of the party he had at first undertaken to defend. One old knight of Malta, with whom he accidentally entered into conversation, conceived, from his manner, his countenance, and his expressions, a more just opinion of him ; and, after a second conference, D'Alonville related to him the circumstances of his

life for the last fourteen months.—The Chevalier de Calignon heard him with so much interest, as to be moved even to tears. “I knew your father,” said he, “and highly esteemed him—I envy him his death, and such a son as you are.—Yet when I reflect, my young friend, how soon the promise of your youth will be blasted, and that we shall probably, in a few days, ascend the scaffold together, my heart bleeds again, as indeed it has often done, to see thus sacrificed the future hopes of our country. For myself, an isolated being as I am, and robbed by this fatal war of my collateral connections and my property, it signifies but little how soon my career is at an end.” De Calignon then informed him that he had been one of the party engaged with De Touranges and St. Remi; that their promising views had been darkened, and their hopes blasted by the treachery of a ci-devant monk who had been admitted to their councils, and that those who had not been fortunate enough to escape, when an
armed

armed force surrounded the castle of Vaudrecour, had been carried some to one prison and some to another; but he had reason to believe that De Touranges, if not St. Remi, were among those who escaped—at all events they were neither of them in prison at Rennes.” D’Alonville thought, with extreme concern, on the anxious hours the mother and wife of the unfortunate De Touranges would pass in the expectation of hearing of him. He recollected how sanguine the elder Madame de Touranges had been, and sighed when he pictured to himself the party assembling at Besthorpe or Northfellbury, in expectation of intelligence that never would arrive.

De Calignon enquired of D’Alonville what he meant to answer to the questions that would be asked him the next day? “To relate the truth,” replied he, “if it will hurt nobody—I am tired of the falsehood I have been uttering ever since my return to France, and can wear the degrading mask no longer.” “I am older than

than you, my friend," replied the Chevalier de Calignon ; " suffer me to advise you to repress this ingenious ardour, which may injure, if not your immediate friends, many who are embarked in the same cause, by rendering them suspected, and giving to the search that is now making more malignant activity. I do not wish you to deny the truth, should it be discovered, for that would be unworthy of you ; but do not needlessly avow it.—It is but too likely that you are already known, and I fear there is but little hope of *your* escaping the fate that is preparing for *us* ; but if without any unworthy means on your part, you could preserve your life, remember you owe it to your country.—You are young, and may yet see the French name rescued from the obloquy with which it is now covered." D'Alonville promised to do nothing needlessly to incur danger ; but his conduct seemed not likely to make any difference in the event. Nothing, he declared, should induce him to leave the world without a
public

public avowal of his name and his principles; an avowal that he owed to the memory of his father, and to himself.

D'Alonville, as well as the Chevalier de Calignon, were glad to learn that their imprisonment was not to be of long continuance. Two days after his arrival the hour was fixed for carrying him and his fellow sufferers before the commissioners at the Hotel de Ville. D'Alonville was among the last of these unfortunate people who was brought forth; he was conducted to a sort of bar, behind which the judges were placed.—He approached—but what were his sensations on discovering, that one of these men was his brother, the other his old acquaintance Heurthofen?

He immediately saw that Monsieur du Bosse (by which name the ci-devant Viscount de Fayolles chose now to be distinguished) knew, but determined not to acknowledge him; while the countenance of Heurthofen expressed a malignant joy which the solemnity he affected did not

not conceal. He seemed, from superiority of assurance, rather than of intellect, to assume a greater authority than Du Bosse. To his interrogatories, D'Alonville answered plainly, that he had been an emigrant with his father; "Yes," said he, speaking in a loud and firm tone, "*with my father, who died partly in consequence of a wound, but yet more of a broken heart.*" He fixed his eyes earnestly on Du Bosse; he saw him turn pale, and heard him, with faltering lips, endeavour to turn the examination to some other point. Heurthofen, who was now called Rouillé, and of whom it seemed not to be remembered that he was an alien, continued his questions. "I quitted Vienna," said D'Alonville, "and went to England, where I have been till about three weeks since, when I returned to France." "To what purpose?—you knew your life was forfeited to the laws of your country." "Not to the laws of my country," replied D'Alonville, "but to the unjust and tyrannic ordinances of men who have usurped the government
of

of that country, and who have made the French name a word of abhorrence among the nations. I came in the hope of rejoining some of the faithful adherents of my murdered king, to revenge his death.—I have failed in my object, for by treachery my friends are dispersed.—My life is in your power, take it.” “You carry this with an high hand, Monsieur le Chevalier,” cried Heurthofen, contemptuously, “you will, however, condescend to tell us, who those friends are whom you thus expected to rejoin?”

“Never,” answered D’Alonville, “you cannot force from me their names; and though I shall fall, I have great consolation in knowing that there is not an honest heart in France but is ready to bleed in the same cause; and some will surely undertake it with success. The Justice of Heaven, Monsieur l’Abbé Heurthofen, will not always sleep! Apostates and incendiaries may triumph now, but the indignation of an insulted world”——

“Take back Monsieur le Chevalier,”
said

said Heurthofen, to the guard who were in waiting. The men were leading D'Alonville away, when he cast towards Du Bosse a look of indignation and contempt that seemed to sting him to the soul. "You will not suffer this young man," said Du Bosse, addressing himself to the guard, in a voice which betrayed agitation, which he vainly endeavoured to conceal, "You will not suffer him to have any communication whatsoever with any other prisoners." "But my sentence, gentlemen?" cried D'Alonville, as they led him away. "You will know it soon enough," was the answer he received. He was led immediately, with his arms pinioned behind him, to a dungeon under the common prison, a place equally noisome with that from which he had rescued Rameau, though it could not be called an oubliette. His conductors, to whom he applied for information how long he was to remain here, gave him no answer. He heard the iron door grate on its hinges as they closed it after them, and the noise of the

the

the bars, that made his escape impossible. A few boards covered with straw, that had already been pressed by the weary weight of some wretched prisoner, was to serve him at once for a bed and chair. He sat down upon it, and contemplating his dreary abode, found his only satisfaction in reflecting that he should not be long its inhabitant; and when he reflected on the scene he had just left, he felt proudly conscious, that, deplorable as his condition was, thus condemned to breathe the foul air of an unwholesome cavern, and certain of leaving it only to perish in early youth by the hands of the executioner, he would not exchange situations with his brother. "Wretched man!" cried he, "degenerate son of De Fayolles—thou hast changed thy name; thou hast abandoned thy honour—but the immutable principles of right and wrong thou can'st not change; and thy conscience embitters thy degraded existence."

On more minutely recollecting what had passed, D'Alonville was at a loss to
com-

comprehend whether Heurthofen knew him to be the brother of his colleague Du Bosse. It was hardly possible but that he must, notwithstanding his change of name; but the cant of the party, that Roman disregard of the ties of nature that every worthless pretender to patriotism affected, was, he thought, the reason why Du Bosse declined to own him, or Heurthofen to speak of him, as being the brother of his associate. To see this apostate German now a legislator of France had at first occasioned to D'Alonville some surprise; but, when he recollected his former conduct, he ceased to think with astonishment of his present elevation. This man, into whose power he had fallen, he knew to be his enemy, and he knew that his fate was inevitable.

His thoughts now fled to England; to Angelina, and her family.—“Amiable, happy people,” exclaimed he, “I regret that I ever knew ye;—may no recollection of me embitter your felicity;—yet would it

it be a mournful satisfaction to me in dying, to believe you, Angelina, sometimes remembered me, and bestowed one sigh on my wretched destiny." He paused from the excess of emotions he could not conquer. "But you will never know it," added he;—"I perish unknown and unlamented. The kindred hand that should have resisted the stroke of the assassin, directs it—and the voice of nature is no longer heard. Ah! De Fayolle's, how differently should I have acted, if you had fallen, culpable as you are, by the chance of war, or the vicissitudes of events, into my power. No; though I detest your principles and the fatal ambition from which they are derived, I should have remembered that my enemy was still my brother—accursed be the infamous maxims that tend to break the ties of blood and friendship, and leave us nothing in their place but the empty boast of stoicism, which the heart denies."

It was now night; and as his gaolers did not appear, D'Alonville concluded, that

that as he was to suffer early the next morning, it appeared unnecessary to these professors of humanity to provide him with food. However, about midnight, two of them appeared. They brought him food and wine, and a blanket to throw on his wretched bed.

D'Alonville entreated them to tell him at what hour the next morning he was to die; but the men, who were soldiers of the national guard, assured him they were themselves ignorant. They were ordered to be under arms by the break of day; but whether to surround the scaffold of prisoners who were to die at Rennes, or to serve as guards to those who were ordered to Paris, they knew not. D'Alonville would have questioned them farther, but one of them appeared furlly, and the other apprehensive; and they left him so far from being relieved by having seen them, that he was more uneasy than before; for the uncertainty of when his fate was to be decided, was more painful to him than the belief he had before entertained

tertained that all would be inevitably concluded the next morning.

His friend Ellefmere was now present to his mind; and he wished he could have written to him an account of what had passed since they parted; and have sent him his last thanks and dying wishes. But he had no means of writing; nor was it probable that if he could write, the letter would ever reach the hands of his friend.

Dismal and tedious appeared a night passed in this humid cavern, the abode often perhaps of guilt, but oftener of undeserved misery. Wearied at length with his own sad reflections, and with listening to the melancholy responses of the centinels, who repeated the half-hour around the walls of the prison, he threw himself upon the straw, and forgot the real horrors of his condition, though fancy was busy in creating imaginary terrors, even more hideous than the realities which surrounded him waking. He fancied he again saw his father; that he saw him dragged to execution,

execution, and that his brother was himself the executioner. Vague images then pursued him. He believed Ellefmere reproached him with having involved him in his distresses—and forswore his friendship for ever; and Angelina was struggling with ruffians whom Heurthofen had ordered to seize her, and from whose grasp D'Alonville, in vain, attempted to deliver her. The violence of these emotions would have awakened him, if he had not been startled from his restless slumber by a loud noise and a sudden light in the dungeon. He instantly regained his recollection, and saw, without much surprise, two other men entered the cavern;—they had fetters for the hands and legs, which they put on him; and without answering any of the questions he asked, led him away, as he believed, to immediate death. In this persuasion he collected all his resolution, and prepared to die with the courage which his conscious integrity, and the blood he descended from, ought to inspire. Life, under such circumstances as
he

he was now in, had so few charms that he was willing to lay it down—and he felt no satisfaction, when, instead of taking him into the street, as he expected, his conductors carried him to an upper room of the prison, where they placed him at a window, from whence he saw a scaffold erected, with the fatal instrument of death. Eagerly he enquired, “why he was sent thither.”—An insulting answer was all he could obtain from the brutes who were about him; but he did not remain long in suspense. He saw eleven unhappy persons, of whom three were women, brought out, and executed, without being allowed to speak. The last was de Calignon, the venerable old officer with whom he had so lately conversed, who suffered with a dignified calmness that excited in the breast of D’Alonville the liveliest emotions of respect for *him*, and of abhorrence against his murderers. The scene of death was closed—the infatuated multitude that had gazed on it in silence, and were hardly impelled by fear, or in-

duced by the hirelings mingled among them, to cry, "Vive la Republique," were dispersed:—D'Alonville, with only three or four men to guard him, remained at the window. A man, who appeared like a municipal officer, came to the door, and made a sign to these guards, who conducted him back to his former dungeon as silently as before, took off his fetters, and left him there shuddering with horror, and more astonished than pleased to find himself yet living. He remained alone, and with no other light than what a thickly-grated window, close to another strong wall, afforded him; till the centinels around the prisons had again cried twelve; when two other persons, men whom he had never yet seen, came into his dungeon. They spoke low, and affecting an air of mystery, exhorted him not to make any enquiries, which, they said, would avail him nothing; and once more leading him away, they put him into a small covered cart, to which he was tied. Two men, completely armed, placed themselves one
on

on each side of him, and the carriage drove away, his guards absolutely refusing to give any account whither he was going. He doubted not, however, but that it was to Paris they were carrying him; and that his sufferings were prolonged, that he might end them on the theatre where so many tragedies had been acted. But why it was worth while to single him out from so many other prisoners, all of as much, and some of more consequence than himself, he had no means of knowing, and wearied himself with conjectures in vain.

C H A P. IX.

“ I learn

Now of my own experience, not by talk,

How counterfeit a coin they are, who friends

Bear in their superscription: (of the most

I would be understood) in prosperous days

They swarm; but in adverse, withdraw their beams,

Not to be found though sought.” MILTON.

THE unhappy, persecuted wanderer, thus fallen into the hands of men who sought his destruction, as well from motives of personal enmity, as public vengeance, remained their prisoner, expecting that every sun, that lent by reflection a pale light through the barred window of his dungeon, would be that which would witness his execution. In the mean time, his friend Ellesmere had entered into the career of what is called the glory, with the enthusiasm peculiar to his character, and the gallantry natural to his country. Whatever had been his original sentiments as to the affairs of France, he had, with every man of humanity, or principle,

ciple, been so disgusted by the folly, the wickedness, and unmanly cruelty of the persons into whose hands the government of that country had fallen, that he wished nothing so ardently, as that the combined armies might put a final end to the war, where only it could be ended; and he felt indignant and impatient, that it was not possible to rescue from the unworthy insults of the most unfeeling wretches that ever disgraced humanity, the widow, the sister, and the children of the murdered monarch: with such a disposition, every movement seemed too slow for him. The horse had very few opportunities of being engaged, and weeks appeared to Ellesmere to be years, while they waited in hopes of bringing the Carmagnols to a general action. In the mean time he had no news of his friend D'Alonville, though they had parted early in March, and it was now the end of April; from this want of intelligence, he feared that his unfortunate friend had failed, and conjectured, as was but too true, that he had

fallen into the hands of enemies from whom no mercy was to be expected. This idea aggravated the detestation with which he beheld the parties of them he occasionally met with, and encreased the rash bravery with which, whenever it was in his power, he threw himself among them;—twice he narrowly escaped being made prisoner by superior numbers; and so far exceeded his orders, that his colonel found it necessary to check his ardour, and to entreat him to forbear needlessly exposing himself and his men—for he was promoted to a Captain soon after he joined the regiment.

The news that Ellefmere received from England, though it gave him some satisfaction so far as related to his family, was insufficient to counteract the uneasiness he felt, when he reflected on the loss he had sustained, in being deprived of a friend to whom he was sincerely attached; and he now repented the share he had taken in cementing between him and Angelina Denzil, an affection which would

would too probably serve to render still more unhappy the life of that amiable and lovely girl, already exposed to all the mortifications of indigence.—It was his sister, Miss Mary, who wrote to him the news of the neighbourhood in Staffordshire, which Lady Ellesmere carefully transmitted to her, while she herself was yet enjoying the delights of London under the auspices of Lady Sophia and Miss Milington ;—and Ellesmere thought she had felt as much pleasure in writing, as he was sensible of pain in reading, the following account :—

“ I must tell you too, my dear Edward, though I fear you may not be delighted with the intelligence, that the French countesses, or viscountesses, or whatever they were, that you and your friend, Monsieur D’Alonville, introduced so unfortunately to our poor old uncle Caverly, and about whom he really made himself the laughing-stock of the whole county—these French ladies are gone nobody knows where, being no longer able, as

the report goes, to pay their lodging, though the apothecary (I forget his name) where they lived, took them at such a low price. However, it is supposed that your *other* friend, Mrs. Denzil, helped them, poor as she was herself; methinks, for a lady of her sublime notions, who it seems makes books, and is an authorefs under some supposed name, it would have been well to have been *just* before she was generous, for she is in such circumstances herself, it seems, that having disobliged her friend and patron, Lord Aberdore, she is gone from the house he lent her, and her fair daughters who held up their heads so high, that one of them, it is said, refused Mr. Melton (which, by the bye, *I never will believe*), are taken, some by one friend, some by another; and I suppose Miss Elvira, or Penthesilia, or whatever *her* high sounding name is, whom you and your French friend reckoned such a beauty, will be the goddess of Tavistock-street; for they say the relations have no mind to do more for them than to put the Misses apprentices,

apprentices, only taking care they shall not be known ; I assure you, my dear Edward, that should this really happen, I shall do all I can to be of use to these poor girls when they set up for themselves ; for it is said they were born Gentlewomen, and so I suppose they really were, by their being somehow related to the Aberdore. Lady Sophia visits Lady Aberdore ; we were at an assembly there not many days ago, and if it had been possible, or proper, I would have given my ears to have heard what Lady Aberdore would say to the history of these country cousins ; but indeed they are no relations of her's, and perhaps she hardly knows that such folks exist."

Such was the sensibility in regard to the unfortunate, which Miss Mary Ellemere had acquired during her stay among what is called good company, or rather she had only learned to express, unblushingly, what she before felt, the triumph of insolent prosperity over indigent merit. She never could forgive the preference she had heard given to the Miss Denzils, par-

ticularly Angelina; and she could not conceal the pleasure she had felt in learning that they were driven from the country where she might again have heard of their attracting admiration.

Ellesmere was not only shocked to hear that misfortune pursued a family he esteemed, but lamented the cruel situation to which he feared Madame de Touranges and her daughter might be reduced. He now, indeed, felt what his brother had told him to be true, that, in forming friendships with the unhappy, a man lays up uneasiness for himself; but he would not have been exempt from this uneasiness for all the tranquillity that selfish apathy could have bestowed upon him. In his answer to his sister, he severely reprehended her for the malignity with which she spoke of persons who could never have offended her; and bade her remember, that if Sir Maynard should die, she might herself be reduced to dependance on her elder brother; and, in point of fortune, be no better situated than those whom she seemed

seemed to rejoice in thinking must have recourse to their industry for their support.

The generous heart of Ellefmere would not, however, suffer him merely to lament the calamities of his friends; and though he knew not how to relieve them, he could not help making some attempt in their service. For this purpose, he determined to write to Mrs. Denzil. It was just possible letters might have reached England from D'Alonville, though he had not received any; he wrote, therefore, an enquiry after his friend, and desired to have news of the ladies De Touranges; to which he added a hint, how much he should be gratified, if Mrs. Denzil would indulge him with the relation of some circumstances of her life, which he knew had been particularly marked with misfortune.—In the usual course of time he received the following answer:—

“It is extremely flattering to me, dear Sir, to find that we are remembered by our newly-acquired friends.—To me it is

particularly so ; for I have lived to discover that poverty is, in regard to worldly attachments and connections, an almost universal menstruum ;—I have seen it dissolve all the ties which I *once* fondly fancied indissolubly formed by affection, taste, or habit ; and I know that even the ties of blood cannot resist its corrosive properties. Let me recal my pen from these comfortless reflections, to answer your questions in their order.

“ You ask after our female French friends—They are, like us, expelled from the quiet scenes of heath and copse that surrounded us at Northfellbury, and we now inhabit lodgings near each other in the neighbourhood of London ; where I have still the satisfaction of being of some little use to Madame de Touranges, and her amiable daughter.—*I*, who am, in my own country, reduced to a situation as distressing as that which they are thrown into by being driven from their’s—*I*, who am deprived, by fraud and perfidy, of my whole income, and compelled to procure a precarious

carious subsistence, by my pen, for my children and myself—I have, perhaps, felt more for these unfortunate victims of political fury, than those who have not known by experience what it is to fall from affluence to indigence; and you know,

“That should a neighbour feel a pain

“Just in the part where we complain”

It naturally awakens all one's *sympathies*, (to speak like our sentimental acquaintance, Miss S——); but, in every species of humiliation and mortification, none of the unhappy exiled French have suffered, perhaps, more than I have done; inasmuch as however hard it may be to be thrown, by the convulsions of an empire, on the mercy of strangers, it is still worse to say, in one's own, “*I became a reproof among mine enemies, but especially among my neighbours; and they of my acquaintance were afraid of me, and they that did see me without conveyed themselves from me.*” If I could now give you the history you ask for, you would see with how much propriety

priety I might take this verse * as my text, if ever I should compose a sermon against perfidy and ingratitude, avarice and malignity, and all the vile passions and propensities of the human heart. I could paint, *ad vivum*, such monsters of this sort, that have fallen under my very close observation during my hard study in the school of adversity for more than ten years, as would appear to your ingenuous mind, to be the overcharged drawings of a gloomy and prejudiced imagination.—I am half tempted to make these ugly sketches—Shall I? ah! the originals are all drawn up before me by memory, who, with indignation, smarting from long suffering, at her side, suffers not one of the terrific lines to be softened. The rogues scowl, with their features distorted by the long practice of infamy. The fools, in their painted vizors and party-coloured robes, simper in admiration of their own pre-eminence, and in some among the phalanx, there is an af-

* Psalms c. xxxi.

semblage

semblage of both these characters. Do not, however, imagine that I fancy every man or woman who has offended me, must be either knave or fool. I know that resentment will deprive us of our candour, and that it is difficult to be *angry* and *just*. But when I see my children deprived of their patrimony, deprived of education, deprived of all but what I have been able to do for them; with an heart sickening from long years of calamity; when I am condemned to unceasing toil, only that the basest and most infamous of mankind may be *enriched* with my childrens' property;—when I look at these children, who seem to me to merit a fate so different, I lose my temper with my hopes of redress; and if I betray impatience, surely I may say, with the author you passionately admire,*—

“ Il n'y a que les infortunés, qui sentent combien, dans l'accès d'une affliction de cette espece, il est difficile d'allier la douceur avec la douleur.”

* Jean Jacques Rousseau.

You will believe, that it is not from malignity of nature, nor because of the money his creeping, like a fycophant, into my children's family, might have *legally* deprived them of, that I look with equal detestation and contempt on a man, who, having done this, attempts to deprive the best beloved descendants of his benefactor of their whole support, without deriving any benefit whatever to himself. You will imagine how I condemn and abhor his cowardly obstinacy, when, not daring to trust himself to talk on business in which even his own callous bloodless heart tells him he is wrong, he refers me to a wretch, whose unprincipled villany is notorious; whose iniquity is supported only by his impudence; and who, in having ears to shew (if, indeed, he has them), is a reproach to the too great lenity of the English law. *You* will, I think, make great allowances for my want of patience, when you consider how apt that excellent virtue is to wear out; how "hope delayed maketh the heart sick,"
and

and how hard a task I must have found it (deprived even of much the greater part of my own small fortune), to support, from infancy to maturity, such a family as mine, while the persons who undertook to settle their affairs, and to protect them, have exposed them to yearly robbery, more ruinous than that from which they pretended to deliver them; and while they persist even now in the same unwarrantable conduct, complain of my impatience, detraction, and ingratitude. I answer, that my patience is gone; for it is too late now for them to remedy the evils they have brought upon me.—For *detraction*, I am sorry if any of my random strokes have presented to their imagination representations of themselves, for which I am not at all answerable.—In compelling me to enlist in the generally unfortunate troop of authors, *genus irritabile*, they have brought upon themselves the spattering from my pen, which, in the asperity of writing for bread, it is hardly possible to check.—*These random strokes will not blacken their characters;*

characters; and as for my *gratitude*, I feel, for their useless and reluctant kindness, the same sort of sensation as is, I apprehend, felt by the plundered traveller, who, being robbed on the highway by the connivance of a patrol, receives half a crown from him to pay the turnpikes. “I could not protect you, friend,” quoth the watch, “though hired to do so; but I am sorry for you; so take this, that you may get through the gates.” Such a traveller would feel more insulted than obliged, and would answer, “If you had been honest, Mr. Guardian of the road, or brave, you might have saved *my* money, and have kept your half crown in your pocket.”

“I repress the inclination I feel to fill up these desultory outlines;—the figures would appear in terrible relief, were I to finish them.—But why should one employ one’s pencil, like Salvator, to describe banditti?—No, I will rather direct your eyes to more pleasing figures that memory presents to me; yet, even that, I cannot do
but

but with regret; for many of them, friends of my early youth, have vanished with the morning sun, by which I beheld them

“ Like some gay creatures of the element*.”

They have occasionally been replaced—It is true, when “poverty and request of friends” first made me publish, the public were pleased—and I obtained some degree of fashion. Then came forth many kind and gentle patronesses, who not only praised what I had done, but would have informed me how I might do better—and many *real* friends, some of whom, I hope, I retain; and among them, alas! one I do not retain, a champion as eminent for his talents, as for his forensic knowledge, whose love of literature and literary ladies, was equalled only by his wit and his eloquence. Unfortunately he did not always find these muses, who shared his heart with Themis, such perfectly amiable beings as his ardent fancy had portrayed them—nor could he say,

* Milton.

“ Once

* “Once, and *but* once, my heedless youth was bit,”

“And liked that dangerous thing, a female wit;”

For Cosmopolita accused him of detaining her precious manuscripts, and Hermia Melissa ungently used her gentle pen in opposite politics, notwithstanding all he had, in his zeal, done for her.—But benevolence hopeth all things—endureth all things;—and though thus discouraged by these defections, he came forward in *my* service, with active perseverance all his own, which he vowed should last till mine enemies were abashed before me; and I, on my part, vowed eternal gratitude.

“Three years did he combat for me.—The patron of England never banded about the damsel-devouring Dragon;—Hercules never encountered the Hydra with more zeal and vigour, than this champion of literary dames in distress exerted on my behalf;—and many were the frauds he detected, many the latent iniquities he brought to light. He docked the bills of attornies, and amputated accounts of com-

* Pope.

pound

pound interest for money advanced to orphans, while the very persons who charged it, *had money of those orphans in their hands*. In a word, this good friend seemed to set about in earnest cleansing the Augean stable, where the evil-doers had been acting their works of darkness; and papers were dragged from their holes in dusty compting-houses, which were said to be *mislaid*, or even *lost*; when suddenly something or other happened—I know not what, nor can I in gratitude even *try* to guess, which most abruptly ended his knight-errantry.—The age of chivalry was, peradventure, passed with the little valorous St. George, who, though he had but

* “Scotched the snake, not killed him,”
declined the combat—and only saying,

† “I have served the poor gentlewoman to the very verge of my modesty,”

he left me to continue the perilous warfare as I could, aided by no fitter weapon than that unfortunate wit, which he often assured me would do me *no good*—though

• Shakespeare.

† Shakespeare.

it

it could, he thought, do nobody much harm; being more calculated to dazzle than to wound. Alas! it was unequal, even to light skirmishes, with the host of triumphant foes to which he left me; for my oppressors were invulnerable to its shafts. Neither wisdom nor wit could affect *attornies*, to whose mercies I was consigned. Neither reason nor humanity, however forcibly pleaded, could influence such men; and though it has been said,—“ Q’un soupir de l’innocence opprimée remuera le monde ;” these men were neither moved by the innocence of my children, whose prospects in life they have blasted, nor by the simple laws of justice; and I have ever since been struggling with the dark and overwhelming storm of adversity.

* “ So fares the pilot, when his ship is tost
On troubled seas, and all its steerage lost.”

“ Alas! I had, till within these last nine or ten months, one dear, dear friend, whose heart was as excellent as her ta-

* Pope’s Homer.

lents

lents were brilliant ;—she seemed, like a benignant star, to

* “ Gild the horrors of the deep.”

But that friendly light is set for ever. She was lost in the meridian of life, when her eminent beauty, the least of her perfections, had suffered only from sickness ; for time had not diminished it. I dare not trust my pen on this subject ; I dare hardly trust myself to think of the irreparable loss I have sustained. I cannot dwell upon it—my heart is still too much oppressed—and I exclaim with the wretched Lear,

“ Why should a rat, a dog, an horse, have life,

“ And thou no breath at all ? thou’lt come no more !

“ Oh ! never, never, never, never, never !”

“ There are others, my dear Sir, to whose long unwearied friendship I ought to give the tribute of gratitude. But I am not at liberty to express, even to you, what I feel, since they are of that description, who

† “ Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.”

But among such, I cannot help remarking, that though I lately inhabited his house,

* Gray.

† Pope.

I cannot

I cannot reckon Lord Aberdore.—Here then shall end, for the present, my history, which is “very long, very dull, and all about myself;” and I will talk of beings, to me, at least, infinitely more interesting; yet, before I quit the irksome subject on which your request urged me too long to dwell, I must bid you consider even this slight etching of the group to whom I and my family owe our present depressed situation; and tell me, if it does not make my apology for the misanthropy you have sometimes told me was a blemish in my character;—at least, you will allow, that the contemplation of it may well cure me of national prejudice; and when I suffer from oppressors, who would not be injured by being compared to some of the most odious of those characters in France that we turn from with abhorrence, I cannot agree with those who claim all merit and honour, *exclusively*, for the English. But there needed not this apology to you for my partial preference of the Chevalier D’Alonville; you know his merit,

merit, and love him as he deserves. But where is he? Alas! we have not heard from him—we fondly hoped that you had—and very bitter is it to me, to learn that you have had no intelligence of him. I dare not say to Angelina all I think about him;—she passes many hours every day with Gabrielle—and they find a mournful pleasure in weeping together; while Madame de Touranges and I, veterans in calamity, can weep, can hope, no more.

“ I beseech you, my dear young friend, to write to us immediately, should you procure any intelligence, either of D’Alonville, or De Touranges. Alas! what is become of them both?—I dare not trust myself with conjectures. May you be preserved from the perils of war to return to friends who love you, and a country to which you do honour.—None can more sincerely wish this, than, dear Sir,

Your most obedient, and obliged servant,

CHARLOTTE DENZIL.”

P. S. "Your uncle Caverly often sends us testimonies of his friendly recollection."

Mrs. Denzil's letter served only to add to the inquietude of Ellesmere. But of his friend D'Alonville, he had no means of obtaining intelligence; yet, from his spirit and coolness, he had more hope of his escaping from the scene of desolation, into which he had thrown himself, than he had of the safety of De Touranges; whom he considered, with his excellent mentor, the Abbé de St. Remi, as lost.

C H A P. X.

“ *Le vrai courage, est de scavoir souffrir.*”

WHILE Edward Ellefmere was lamenting, in Flanders, the cruel destiny of friends in England whom he so highly esteemed ; while trembling for the hopes of D'Alonville, in regard to his union with Angelina, which prudence seemed wholly to forbid, he sometimes imagined to himself, with great concern, how probable it was that D'Alonville himself was already the victim of the sanguinary faction that prevailed in France ;——the subject of his friendly solicitude was travelling, as he believed, towards Paris, but so slowly, that he almost doubted whether it was really intended he should arrive there. His conductors had been twice changed, and those persons who had now the charge of him were so careless, that he could easily have escaped from them ; and he sometimes

fancied it was meant that he should do so ;—but without money, and without arms, he could have escaped only to be retaken, and, perhaps, to have been treated with greater ignominy. It was even possible, he was so loosely guarded, that he might, by attempting to fly, furnish an excuse for more severe treatment, or for the putting him immediately to death.

The carriage in which he was confined did not proceed more than four or five leagues in a day, sometimes not more than three ; one or other of his guards often slept in it the greater part of the time ; and sometimes they both became instances of another change in the manners of the lower French people, among whom drunkenness had become much more frequent than before the revolution. It was already April, and ten or fourteen days of warm showery weather had wholly changed the appearance of the country, which now exhibited all the vivid beauty of spring ; while every soft shower, and every hour of warm sun, visibly

visibly improved those scenes among which D'Alonville was passing a prisoner to the place where inevitable death awaited him.

With sensations how different from those he now felt, had he only two years before hailed the return of spring!—When his course of education at Paris being finished, he received a summons from his father to follow him to his estate in Picardy, where he had retired to avoid being present at scenes which he entirely disapproved; at concessions made by his sovereign, from which his soul recoiled, though he was far from foreseeing whither they would lead. D'Alonville now saw around him the same natural beauties; the tender verdure of the trees; and the ground, though in many places uncultivated, yet covered with grass and flowers. France, which has at no other time the lively green of England, now smiled on her wretched sons with promises of almost spontaneous plenty; and D'Alonville, though not much accustomed to mora-

lize, could not fail of being struck with a sentiment which Goldsmith (for truth and nature are in every country, and in every season of life the same), with much propriety, gives to his Vicar of Wakefield—
“*How much kinder is Heaven to us, than we are to ourselves !*” “What a wretched being is man,” exclaimed he, “who throws from him blessings which he might possess; or converts them into curses !”—While he thus reflected, they came in sight of a lonely cottage, embosomed within beech woods, now just coming into leaf; before it lay a small vineyard spreading to the south; a potagerie was divided from it by a hedge of white thorn in flower; and there was an air of neatness about it, unusual to French houses of so humble an appearance. The morning was warm, and D’Alonville’s two guards felt no small desire to taste the wine of this vineyard, of which they supposed there might be a provision within the house. *Dans la France regeneré*, every thing ought to be in common, and one of them went in to demand

mand a *fraternal* flask of the cultivateur. He returned with a large one, which he had already begun, and protested to his companion, as he poured him out a glass, that it was the very best *vin du païs* that he had ever tasted. “Those fellows always took care of themselves,” said he—“this house belonged to the curé; the old crow has flown, but has left the best part of him behind.—What if we go in and rest ourselves a little? Come, Monsieur *l’Aristocrat*, with your good leave you shall go with us; there’s nobody in the house now but an old woman; though I warrant when the jolly old fellow was here himself, he had a pretty niece, or a black-eyed housekeeper.” They now released D’Alonville from his slight confinement, and he walked between them into the house.

The poor old woman who remained in charge of it, received them with trembling submission, and gave them the keys which they demanded, without any enquiry into the legality of their demand. While they

were rummaging the cellars for wine of a still better vintage than that they had already tasted, their prisoner placed himself at the window, and contemplated the prospect before him—nothing could be so lovely, unless that the same view might be itself more beautiful when the vine under its broad foilage half discovered its rich clusters purpling in the sun. “What a paradise would this little place be to me,” said D’Alonville, musing, “if I could here find Angelina, and tranquillity—my ambition would go no higher—most willingly would I resign the distinction of birth, and live unknown, if I might live with her;—but ah! no, loveliest of creatures, may a happier fortune await thee!—this distracted, this polluted country is unworthy to receive thee! Ah! wherefore should I, whose life a few days, nay, perhaps a few hours, will terminate—why should I indulge myself with visions like these?—cut off in the morning of my days, I die, and I leave no memorial of my short existence, unless thou, Angelina, wilt remember me!”

His

His mournful reverie was here interrupted by the woman, who placed herself opposite to him, yet so near, that he manifested his amazement. "I pray you, pardon me," said she, "Monsieur; I am ordered to watch you by the two officers below, and to cry out if you attempt to run away; and so," added she, lowering her voice, "and so you are a prisoner! Jesu Marie! What! will they kill so young and good-looking a gentleman?" D'Alonville could hardly help smiling at the simplicity of the poor woman. "Yes," replied he, "I believe, my good woman, they will! and I fear you run some hazard in expressing your pity for me, without the possibility of doing me any good."

"Hift! Hift! Sir," replied she, "you had better speak low, though they are, I believe, thoroughly engaged in the cellar, and will scarcely hear us.—Where are you going, Sir?"

"That is more than I know, I assure you," answered D'Alonville; "because, Sir," whispered the woman, "because I

heard them argue just now about the time they must be at the place, wherever it is, where you are expected this evening; one of them seemed afraid of staying here too long; the other said, bah! it would be quite time enough if you were there by nightfall; and that a person, whose name I could not hear, had told him it would be sufficient if he arrived then, and would be best for their business."

"That business," said D'Alonville, "is probably my execution; but why they have dragged me so many miles, when they might as well have settled the matter ten days ago at Rennes, it is impossible to conceive."

"Oh, Saint Vierge!" exclaimed the woman, "to execution! Such a young Seigneur! I wish Monsieur could escape."

"I thank you sincerely, my good friend," answered D'Alonville, "but I should not attempt it any way, certainly not, where it would bring you into any difficulties; for life, I assure you, is to me
but

but of little value!" One of the guards now staggered up with some of the *ci-devant* Curé's very best liquor, of which he poured out a large glass, and gave it to D'Alonville, then another for the woman, and then a yet larger potation for himself. It was difficult to say which was the most drunk, he or his companion; the latter, however, reminding him, with very little reserve, of the appointment they had for the evening, they contrived to reel together to the cart, with D'Alonville between them; and having rewarded the patience of the driver with some wine, of which they brought as many bottles away as they could carry, they once more proceeded on their way. D'Alonville now endeavoured to discover whither they were going, and who they were to meet; but they both either were, or affected to be, so intoxicated, that he could make out nothing from their answers, except that their journey was to end that night.

D'Alonville was very sure they could not reach Paris that night, though he did

not know the way they had passed, and fancied they had repeatedly crossed the country, and wandered far from the strait road to the capital, which he thought must be more than ten leagues distant. It was in vain to attempt forming conjectures as to what was the purpose of the persons who thus seemed to refine on cruelty, by protracting the pain of uncertainty; but, after every possible supposition, he at length concluded that Heurthofen found a malicious pleasure in prolonging his sufferings, and was unwilling to let him die when he was prepared to meet death with fortitude. This day passed nearly as the others had passed before. Towards evening they reached a little town; it appeared melancholy and deserted, hardly an inhabitant was to be seen, while the grass in abundance made its way through the pavement; the few persons that were in the streets were meagre and squalid. D'Alonville enquired of his conductors the name of this town, but they evaded this question; they told

told him, however, that here he must pass the night, and drove under an high and dark gateway ; there he was taken out of the cart, and conducted through a miserable room, where two or three shabby ill-looking men were drinking, then across a large yard, and up a narrow steep stair-case. A woman, who seemed to have expected their arrival (for she asked no questions), walked before them with a candle ; she shewed them into a small room, where the bare walls were become green and black through damp, and where there was a bedstead with a mattress, which perfectly answered to the appearance of the chamber ; it had one high window, whose broken panes had been recently repaired with wood, while the iron bars which crossed it, seemed to have been lately put there for security. “It is here we are directed to leave you, Monsieur,” said one of the men ; “we wish you well ; for though it is your fortune to be an aristocrat, you may alter your mind, perhaps—you are young, and it is better to change from bad principles,

ciples, than to die by the guillotine—we must say, that, as a prisoner, you have given us no trouble.”

“Here then *your* commission ends, in regard to me,” said D’Alonville, “but pray tell me in whose custody I am now to remain, and to what end?” “We have no orders,” replied one of the national guards, “to give you any answer; but we advise you to have patience.”

“I am still to be guarded, however?” interrupted D’Alonville, casting a look towards the window.

“Certainly,” replied the man.

“But I am to be allowed light, I hope?”

“As to that,” answered the soldier, “we have no orders; but I believe you will not long need it.”

“Surely,” cried D’Alonville, impatiently, “you will not refuse to tell me?”

The man, without giving him any further attention, left the room with his companion.—The woman, who had stood at the door with the candle, shut it after her,

her, and withdrew with the light. The door was barred without, and D'Alonville remained a moment with his eyes fixed upon it, though he could no longer distinguish it; he listened to the footsteps of the men who had guarded him, as they became fainter on the stairs; and though they were his gaolers, and had the rude and brutish manners of the lowest of the people, he felt a sort of regret at their departure; so dreary seemed the darkness and silence in which he was now left.

This situation, though desolate, was however less so than his dungeon at Rennes — yet he felt infinitely more uneasy in it. There he was prepared for the worst that could happen, being persuaded that a few hours would put an end to his suspense with his life; but now he felt all the horrors that obscurity adds to circumstances indistinctly imagined, and of which, all he knew for certain, was, that they were circumstances of dread. Imprisonment, long, lingering imprisonment, would probably, he imagined, end in a
public

public execution, attended with all the disgrace with which malice and revenge could contrive to embitter death ; he had now hardly any doubt, but that he owed this prolonged existence to Heurthofen ; and his heart swelled with indignation when he reflected on this apostate German priest, who had acquired, by the most infamous means, the power of oppressing him ; at the same time, when he thought of his brother, sensations more poignantly painful assailed him. In Du Bosse's thus abandoning to the mean malice of such a colleague in iniquity, his only brother, the son of the same parents, the youth he had seen grow up with him, there was such a total dereliction of all those feelings that distinguish the man from the brute ; such a failure of humanity, of every sentiment which nature implants in a good heart, or education impresses on one not naturally insensible, that D'Alonville could not bear to think upon it, yet he could think of nothing else ; and his actual situation, upon
the

the whole, hurt him less than the reflection, that it was his brother who had plunged him into it. Through the high and only half-glazed window, which was fifteen or sixteen feet above the ground, the rays of an early moon glimmered faintly, rather making "*darkness visible*," than affording light; yet it served him to mark the wretchedness of the place where he was confined, and from which he felt himself tempted to escape; though he believed that it was most probable such an attempt would fail; or that if he succeeded in getting out of the house where he was now a prisoner, it would only be hastening his fate, in case, as was most probable, he should be overtaken, and brought back. To hasten his fate, however, was now become his wish; and, with the calm resolution of despair, he determined to attempt forcing the door, which he believed, though it was barred, he could do without much difficulty: but, when he was on the point of applying his strength to this purpose, he hesitated—perhaps
there

there might be a centinel set without to guard the door;—"well, and if there be," said he, recollecting himself; "and if there be! he has his musket charged, and by his means I shall escape from the insults of Heurthöfen, from the bitter reflection that it is my brother who has exposed me to those insults; from the sad images that now perpetually haunt me, and the cruel reality of seeing my country deluged with her best blood." While he thus argued with himself, he thought that, amidst the silence of the night, he heard some slight noise without the door, as of a person that breathed hard, and with difficulty:—he listened more attentively;—the door was slowly unbarred; the lock moved, and a man dressed in a dark furtout, the cape of which came high round his head, and a large hat flapped over his eyes, entered with a lanthorn in his hand. D'Alonville stepped back a few paces; the figure followed him, and, taking off his hat, discovered the man who was *once* his brother.

The

The paleness and agitation of guilt and shame were visible on his countenance; his lips trembled, and his features were slightly convulsed, as waving his hand for D'Alonville to sit down on the bed (the only seat there was); he turned towards the door, which he fastened within; and then again motioning for D'Alonville to be seated, who did not however obey him, he said in a low and tremulous voice, "you are surprised to see me here!"

"There was nothing I less expected," answered D'Alonville; "could you believe, then," whispered Du Bosse, "could you believe D'Alonville I could condemn you to death?"

"Most readily," replied his brother—"for after what you *have* done—Good God! is there any atrocity of which I am not well justified in believing you capable?"

"After what I *have* done," repeated Du Bosse—"what have I done that is not well justified by circumstances? by
that

that first of all-active principles in a great, a generous mind, the sacred love of immortal liberty!"

"Leave that disgraceful cant, Sir, to such men as your German colleague, Heurthofen, the apostate priest," said D'Alonville, angrily turning from him; "it only increases my abhorrence and my contempt."

"And is it thus, weak and unhappy boy," cried Du Bosse, forgetting his precaution, and rising into anger, "is it thus you thank me for risking my own safety to preserve you from the death you have doubly deserved?—First for bearing arms against your country; then for returning, proscribed and condemned as you were, to light up within her bosom the flames of civil war—I am afraid I shall repent the weakness I have shewn in making thus a vain attempt to rescue from ignominious death an obstinate and ignorant young man, merely because he was connected with me by the ties of blood." "And why *did you* make it, Monsieur Du Bosse?" cried

cried D'Alonville, still more indignantly, "to a patriot burning with the sacred love of immortal liberty;—what are the ties of blood?—what are all the charities between man and man? Is it not part of your creed, that the holy flame of freedom bursts all these asunder, even as flax is dissevered by the fire?—Shall he who drove his father (and such a father too), to despair and death—shall he affect compunction for the fate of a brother?" Notwithstanding the affected stoicism which Du Bosse had been so long practising; notwithstanding his ambition and his pride; the charge which was, he knew, but too well founded, of having driven his father to die in despair, visibly shook him. He attempted in vain to deny the charge, or to appeal in his vindication to that love of his country which he declared had alone actuated his conduct. He talked of tyrants—Tarquins, and despotism; of Roman virtues—of Brutus and Cato; and had bewildered himself in this new sort of gasconading; though he seemed

seemed to have learned the sentences by heart—when D'Alonville, rendered impatient by such an harangue, suddenly asked him to what all this tended; and what he meant to propose? “I am in your power, citizen Du Bosse,” said he;—“and the only favour I ask of you, is, to put an end to the suspense in which, for I know not what reason, it seems to be your pleasure to keep me. If I am to die, call forth your executioner—you shall see that the blood from which I am descended, does not belie itself; and that while one of the sons of the Viscount de Fayolles disgraces him in his life, the other shall, by his death, do honour to the name he bears.”

“And you do not then fear to die, Sir?” cried Du Bosse;—“*Why* should I?” answered D'Alonville, with increased spirit,—“have you not taken from life all that could render it desirable? my father—(I loved my father,) my fortune, my home, my hopes? Can I fear dying, as my king has died? when, if my life were
to

to be prolonged, it could only subject me to the humiliating condition of living a passive spectator of the disgrace and ruin of my country—perhaps of being again driven from it by the persecution of fellows with whom you, citizen Du Bosse, would not a few, a very few years since, have held the slightest intercourse ; though you now call them your brethren ;—your fellow labourers in this glorious cause, which has depopulated your native land, and made the very name of its inhabitants a name of reproach.” This conversation continued some time with encreasing asperity on the part of the younger brother ; who having nothing to hope, disdained to fear any evil which could now be inflicted upon him—while the elder, formerly of so haughty a spirit as to throw off indignantly the parental authority, was, for some reason that D’Alonville could not immediately penetrate, become suddenly so placid as to hear without resentment the severest reproaches. To paternal affection this alteration could
not

not be imputed; for Du Bosse, who was nine years older than D'Alonville, had never shewn any great attachment to him; but had treated him as a spoiled child, the favourite of his father, with something of jealousy mingled with contempt. The new system he had adopted was not likely to have increased his tenderness for his family; for, to immolate at the shrine of liberty and equality the feelings of the heart, was its leading principle—D'Alonville therefore was surprised to observe, that his keenest invectives were not only calmly endured, but that the patience which *he* lost, his brother seemed to acquire.—At length, after much circumlocution, and a great deal of what citizen Du Bosse thought artful management, D'Alonville discovered what was his brother's plan, though his motives for adopting that plan were not yet developed. It was Du Bosse's purpose to bring him over to the republican party; to conceal the part he had hitherto taken, and to introduce him on the political stage as a
man,

man, who, from his extreme youth, had not yet come forward, but now, actuated by sentiments and zeal like his own, was ready to shed the last drop of his blood in the cause of his country (with a long etcetera of phrases so abused on these occasions). The greatest objection to the execution of this scheme (for Du Bosse never doubted the concurrence of D'Alonville), was the knowledge which Heurthofen, or rather Citizen Rouillé, had of the truth.—Du Bosse, however, who thought he understood this worthy colleague, and that there were means of securing not only his secrecy but his assistance, had, in his own imagination, conquered this impediment; he had therefore arranged his operations, and contrived to send D'Alonville off, under pretence of his being examined more fully at Paris; ordering him first to be compelled to see the execution of eleven persons embarked in the same cause, a sight which, he thought, would act as a very powerful argument in engaging him to abandon it; especially when

security, fortune, and power, united to invite him to the other side.

Heurthofen affected to believe the reasons his colleague gave him for sending the young man to Paris—spoke of his concern for the painful struggle between his public duty and private affections, that Du Bosse must undergo, and said, that though *he* had divested himself of every sentiment that might for a moment interfere with his rigid adherence to the good of the Republic, yet, that from all men, such sudden stoicism, such *Roman* fortitude, could not be expected; and that nothing but time, and a perfect conviction of the splendor of the glorious cause they had engaged in—a cause so sublime, so elevated, so immortal, could be supposed to exalt the human mind to the true point of revolutionary enthusiasm, and teach it to shake off all inferior affections, all human weaknesses, “As dew drops from the lion’s mane.”

Du Bosse, satisfied with these speeches, breathing moderation and tolerance towards

wards mortals, not yet elevated enough to attain the seventh heaven of republicanism, ventured to trust to some future time the entire reconciliation of Heurthofen to his fraternal tendernefs, with his political orthodoxy ; and the result was, the departure of D'Alonville from Rennes, in the way we have already feen, and which Du Bosfe, in his profound sagacity, had managed in fuch a manner as was, he believed, moft likely to baffle any enquiry, fhould it ever be made, as to the preceding adventures of his brother ; but the plan thus contrived, and fo perfect in the opinion of the contriver, was unluckily overthrown ; for D'Alonville, the moment he comprehended it, declared, in the moft pofitive terms, that nothing fhould induce him for a moment to pafs for a republican, one of thofe wretches he detefted ; and that were the guillotine on one fide of him, and the Prefidency of the Convention offered to him on the other, he would not hesitate an instant in his choice. It was equally in vain that Du Bosfe exerted

his eloquence or his authority.—D'Alonville had arguments ready in his turn, and asserted the freedom of opinion with a boldness which Du Bosse could not controvert without contradicting his favourite axioms.—It was true that the life of D'Alonville was in his power, but to take it was not what he intended. After a dialogue of many hours, at the end of which D'Alonville remained steady in his determination, they parted; the original scheme of Du Bosse was baffled; but he modified, and would not wholly relinquish it; and for very good reasons, which did not immediately appear, he determined neither to give D'Alonville up to punishment, nor to lose sight of him.

Early the next morning he renewed the attack, but with as little success. This was one of those cases of which there are so many in the world, where one party glories in persevering in a good cause, while the adverse party declaims against obstinacy in a bad one.

D'Alonville, however, was immovable;
and

and with his total refusal to have any connection with the men under whatever appellation, whether Girondists or Mountaineers, Moderés or Enragés, who called themselves legislators of France, he mingled sarcasms so cutting, and comparisons so degrading, that unless Du Bosse had been actuated by something more powerful than brotherly affection was in his breast, he would hardly have endured this severity from a young man on whom he was bestowing security, and wished to have bestowed power and prosperity.— But from whatever motive it was, he restrained his resentment, and with wonderful forbearance at length came to what he called a compromise. It was agreed then, that under pretence of D'Alonville being a person who was to be interrogated before the Committee of Public Safety, Du Bosse should conduct him towards Paris in a chaise; that when within a few miles of the capital he should be dismissed, furnished with a certificate of civism by Du Bosse, and enter Paris, where he was

very little known, as a person employed as a messenger, or in some other inferior department; he was then to go to an house his brother named him, where his reception, and the character he was to appear in, were to be secured by Du Bosse, who was to arrive there before him.

The elder brother believed he should there find means to shake the resolution of the now inflexible royalist. D'Alonville, on the other hand, thought himself proof against either temptation or terror: he was certainly not sorry to be delivered from the apprehension of immediate death, however prepared to meet it, and he was very glad of an opportunity of visiting Paris in security, for it was there only that he could judge of the real situation of his country.—These considerations induced him to agree to Du Bosse's last proposal, making no other stipulation, than that he should not be represented as a republican, however humble the people might be with whom he should be placed.

In consequence of this arrangement,

Du

Du Bosse, who had affected an air of profound mystery at the inn, now told the people that the prisoner they had in their house, was a person who had confessed secrets of the utmost importance to the Republic, that he had still more to reveal, and that, therefore, he (the commissioner) should take him to Paris in his chaise lest he should escape, and never lose sight of him until he was delivered to the Committee. In half an hour after this affected confidence, Du Bosse, armed with pistols and sabres, was most formidably seated in the carriage that had brought him, and D'Alonville, whom he had directed to conceal his face as much as he could, was placed beside him.—They proceeded rapidly towards Paris, from whence they were about five leagues distant, when Du Bosse sending off first one servant and then another, on different pretences, was left alone with D'Alonville, who, when he next changed horses, he dismissed, furnished with the certificate he had promised him, and sufficient money to take him

post to Paris by another road. D'Alonville had now an opportunity of escaping; but as his politics and his honour both forbade his attempting it, he pursued the directions his brother had given him, and arrived about nightfall at the house of a watchmaker on the Quai de Voltaire, as it was now called, where he found he was expected, as a person employed by Citizen Du Bosse, and where he retired to an upper room that had been made ready for him, extremely fatigued, and not a little surpris'd at finding himself at large, and in present safety, in a place where he imagined he should have arriv'd only to give up his life on a scaffold.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

We owe it to the bounty of Providence, that the completest depravity of the heart is sometimes strangely united with the confusion of the mind, which counteracts the most favourite principles, and makes the same man treacherous without art, and a hypocrite without deceiving.

JUNIUS.

THE first measure Du Bosse directed, among those to which D'Alonville agreed to submit, was, that he should change his appearance as much as possible. He obeyed, as far as it could be done, without taking much trouble, though he had no apprehensions of being known; for it was now two years since he was last at Paris: he had then lived at an academy—and his figure and face were since that period greatly altered. He now, therefore, assumed the name of Vermagnac—called himself a Languedocian, a gentleman, whose father, a counsellor, had sent him to study the law—He said he was a minor, which his appear-

ance confirmed—and his forbearing to take any active part in the politics of the day, was accounted for by his extreme youth.

The only person he feared to meet was Heurthofen. He knew not how Du Bosse had accounted for his disappearance to his worthy co-adjutor, but he easily perceived that his brother was desirous that no enquiry might be made about him by citizen Rouillé.

To other of his friends, however, Du Bosse contrived to have him introduced without appearing particularly interested about him. They met now and then at third places as common acquaintance; and Du Bosse visited him secretly, for a few moments at a time, in hopes of finding that the emancipating sentiments which he heard, and the truly patriotic conversations to which he was thus introduced, would gradually effectuate a change in his opinions: but D'Alonville not only appeared more steadily confirmed in his original principles, but became impatient

patient of the people with whom he was thus compelled to associate; and protesting to his brother, that the more he saw of his democratic partisans, the more he detested them, he entreated him to allow him to depart, poor as he had found him; for the character he was acting became so uneasy to him that he could endure it no longer.

Du Bosse appeared to have some latent purpose which D'Alonville could not discover:—he was often dejected, and uneasy; and under the rhodomontading airs of a furious defender of liberty, his brother fancied that there lurked secret disappointment, and secret dread.

Among other persons to whom Du Bosse procured him an introduction, was a lady to whose parties Madame du Bosse had been admitted as a very high favour, in consideration of her having resigned, with peculiar greatness of soul, the title of Viscountess—of being an Enragée of the very first proof—and of being also, a very pretty woman—recommendations,

which more than supplied, in the opinion of Madame du Guenir, the want of an elevated, or cultivated understanding.— Wit, indeed, was not a quality this lady seemed to desire in her female friends, nor had she any predilection for beauty; but, as she had purposes to answer, which made large assemblies of men necessary, she knew no means of attracting them so certain, as to collect about her a few pretty women. She herself had ceased to have any pretensions of that sort. She had passed one epocha in the life of a French woman; but, instead of re-peopling her empire with “the slaves of infidelity,” the times had occasioned *her* slaves to be the new votaries of the goddess of liberty.

Her family consisted of an husband, whom she saw as a common acquaintance—and three or four young women, one of whom she called a pupil, a second a niece, a third an orphan, whom she had taken out of generosity. These, under pretence of being eminently qualified to form the minds of youth, she had brought up

“ To

“ To sing, to dance,
“ To drefs, to troll the tongue, and roll the eye* ;

and it was on their attractions, rather than on the eloquence of the old gover-nante, that Du Bosse depended for the conversion of his brother. He knew not that the heart of D'Alonville was already tenderly attached to a young woman, who, with as much beauty as the loveliest of these, possessed a mind unfullied with false and pernicious principles; and whose softness of heart would have deterred her from adopting the fierce and unrelenting tone of republicanism, if the simplicity of her manners had allowed her to interest herself about matters so unfit for her age.

To hear from a beautiful mouth a defence of the horrors that had stained, with eternal disgrace, the annals of France as a nation: to hear the dead spoken of with unfeeling ridicule, as having merited their fate: to hear a lovely girl encouraging sanguinary projects, and a

* Milton.

daring

daring defiance of every law of humanity, was to D'Alonville so extremely disgusting, that youth and beauty would have lost all their attractions, even if his affections had not been all engrossed by Angelina. As to the elder of these ladies, D'Alonville could not listen to *her* without danger of betraying the aversion he felt; nor contemplate, without a sensation bordering on horror, the inconsistencies of her character. Bigotry, real or assumed, was, in her, associated with the closest connections among men who disclaimed the very appearance of religion. Her past life had been very far from irreproachable, yet she now affected the proudest intolerance in regard to the weaknesses of others; while her present rigid theory recalled perpetually, and very little to her advantage, the laxity of her former practice.

While the introduction to these people operated on the opinions of D'Alonville so very differently from what his brother had intended, he was himself engaged
in

in studying, as far as he could do it with safety, the real sentiments of *the people*. In this enquiry he was sometimes repulsed by caution, and sometimes baffled by fear: but he was convinced, that there were a very great number of persons, even in Paris, who were only restrained by terror from openly declaring themselves; and that the *revolutionary energies* were by no means at the height which the leaders of faction described them to be. He saw the once-flourishing tradesman of Paris sitting in his almost deserted shop, looking pensively on bales of goods which had lain unfolded, and unasked for, more than two years; he saw the class of manufacturers without employment; and, while they joined the hired multitude, execrating the cause that their necessities had compelled them to engage in.—Loosed at once from the checks that were before, perhaps, too rigidly imposed, unrestrained vice and brutal ferocity, were become the character of the still lower ranks, who were driven by the
one

one to the other, and thus they became tremendous instruments of destruction in the hands of the unprincipled leaders, who asserted, that they founded their power on the voice of the people. But the effrontery of this assertion was every day more visible to D'Alonville. How could *that* government be established on the voice of the people, which the people were every where rising to oppose? How could men call themselves the representatives of their country, who could retain their power only by dying the scaffolds with blood*?—If the refuse of every province, collected from gallies and gaols, were to be called so, then, and then alone, could it be said that the convention was supported by a majority of the people of France.

* If this was self-evident in 1793, it is much more so now, when every day brings accounts of horrors, from which the mind attempts, in vain, to take refuge in incredulity.—

“ One sanguinary tide scarce rolled away,

“ Another comes in terrible succession.”

ESCHYLUS.

His

His heart sickening at all he saw and heard, D'Alonville determined to remain where he was no longer ; but whatever might be the hazard, to attempt returning to Flanders—he had however passed his word to his brother, not to go without informing him ; and though he thought himself very little obliged to Du Bosse, for a respite from persecution, which he had long seen he owed to some views of his own ; yet his word being given, he held it sacred. During the few conversations he had with Du Bosse alone, he insisted, in the most earnest terms, on his dismissal.—But instead of obtaining any positive promise, he found still greater symptoms of mystery, and, he thought, of uneasiness, in the answers he received. At length, after he had been above six weeks at Paris, Du Bosse entered his room one morning at an hour when he did not expect him. His countenance expressed very plainly the agitation of his mind ; yet he seemed ashamed or afraid to speak—but the emotions he felt

felt were too violent to be long concealed ; and after a long speech, which was something between an introduction to the rest of his discourse, and a vindication of his conduct, he owned, that a party formed against the *true* interests of his country were but too likely to prevail, and to drive him, and several other true patriots, from their posts. He added, that having for some time foreseen the storm, he and his friends had been endeavouring to strengthen their interest, and to prepare for the shock ; but doubting their being able to make an effectual stand against the infamous projects of these enemies of France, he had determined to secure his portable effects, by sending them to England. It was, in fact, owing to his having foreseen this necessity, that he had brought D'Alonville to Paris, as being the only person in whom he could, on such an occasion, confide.—This, indeed, he did not *say* ; but D'Alonville perfectly understood it, and the motives of Du Bosse's conduct were now completely explained.

After

After a moment's consideration, he asked his brother how it would be possible for him to execute such a plan?—"Leave that to me," cried Du Bosse eagerly, as if he had been afraid of a refusal, "and be assured, that if you have resolution to execute the scheme it cannot fail." "If I have resolution," replied D'Alonville contemptuously,—"Do *you* doubt my resolution? But do not deceive yourself—I will not appear in any character that shall brand me, in case of detection, with the name of republican.—I will not *die*, as if I had lived a regicide.—My friends in England shall never have reason to believe that, in returning to France, I became an apostate.—"Make yourself easy as to all that," said Du Bosse, visibly chagrined, "nothing will be asked of you but to go as immediately as possible to the northern army, charged with letters and credentials, with which I shall furnish you; and when you are there, making the best of your former intelligence with the English, to escape to them, and secure the effects with which
you

you will be entrusted, in the English funds, as soon as you can turn them into money."

Variety of contending sentiments occupied the mind of D'Alonville—who felt himself at once flattered and disgraced—That Du Bosse should desire thus to entrust him, proved the reliance he had on those principles, on that sense of honour which they had equally learned to venerate in their early youth; honour to which the elder brother thus paid involuntary homage, even while in his own conduct he had practically disclaimed it.—But if this was a reflection gratifying to the generous sentiments of D'Alonville, those very sentiments made him feel a degree of repugnance in being thus employed; and he would have preferred being asked to throw himself openly, and at once, into the most imminent danger, than to have appeared, however securely, for one moment in the character of a deserter.

This objection struck him so forcibly,
that,

that, notwithstanding his brother's earnest entreaties not to lose a moment, he absolutely refused to undertake the commission, till he had given the proposal some hours consideration.

He then retired to his own lodgings, and ran over in his mind the substance of the conversation that had passed. He had understood from his brother, that the property he was to be entrusted with was principally in jewels—which had belonged to his mother, a rich heiress.—About these he had no scruple, because to save them from the plunderers who had not respected even the private property of the unfortunate royal family, and to secure them to his brother's use in case of necessity, seemed an act that the most rigid honor would justify; but part of them perhaps belonged to Madame du Bosse?—She was, apparently, a decided republican, and however mistaken might be her principles, D'Alonville thought *he* had no right to take from her even the ornaments she affected to hold in contempt.—This then was his first objection,

objection, which he immediately communicated to his brother ; who answered, by protesting to him that no part of what he intended to send away were originally the property of his wife—but that, whatever had the appearance of modern purchases were still what had belonged to the late Viscountess de Fayolles, who, having an uncle governor of Pondicherry, whose heiress she was, had inherited more of this portable species of riches than of any other, some of which citizen Du Bosse had caused to be modernized for his wife, before these distinctions were become, by *the new order of things*, marks of incivism, and inimical to *equality*—Du Bosse convinced his brother of the truth of this, by shewing him jewels under another form, which he well remembered to have belonged to his family.—Being then satisfied on this, and some other doubts he had entertained, D'Alonville determined to accept the commission ; though thoroughly aware of the danger that attended it.

D'Alonville

D'Alonville had no adieus to make—the restless vigilance of his brother was so successfully exerted, that, on the next evening after this conference, he saw himself travelling towards Flanders, by the way of St. Quintin and Cambray, in the character of a messenger, entrusted with dispatches of importance; and, as such, he arrived, without any remarkable accident, at Valenciennes. The first object of D'Alonville was, to quit as soon as he could a place where he found himself wretched; and where, indeed, no reason could be given for his stay after the governor, to whom the letters he had brought were addressed, had answered them.—As over the palisades that formed the extreme boundary of the fortification, he looked at the tents of the English advanced guard, he reflected that there he might hear of Ellefmere, his generous, disinterested friend—perhaps even find him there—and have the delight of talking of Angelina; possibly of hearing of her—while his thoughts, as they took this turn, went still farther, and he

ran

ran over all the possibilities that might have occurred in England since he left it. Absence; the many chances there were against his return: the universal and indiscriminate abhorrence which some late events in France had conspired to raise in the breasts of the English against the whole body of the natives of that country; the uncertainty of his circumstances if he ever revisited Great Britain, all contributed to the dread he felt, that Angelina would be lost to him for ever.—Though she had rejected Melton, would she be able to resist the importunities of her relations should he renew his addresses? Could her timid spirit, her soft temper, contend against the threats of her family, when only her mother supported her in her refusal? Such were the fears with which D'Alonville was tormented, while he was more immediately occupied by the difficulties he thought he should find, in quitting a place where he dreaded nothing so much among the various modes of death (with which he would here have been familiarized had he not before

before seen them), nothing he so much dreaded, as being taken prisoner by the English and Austrians, and considered by the former as a republican and regicide.

A man who, with moderate abilities, applies his whole force to carry any favourite point, seldom fails of success.—D'Alonville, whose conduct, though he affected no revolutionary ardour, gave no rise to suspicions that he was not a friend to that cause—was allowed to go out of the town as a volunteer on a *fortie*, four days after his arrival.—The party was driven back with considerable loss, and D'Alonville became a prisoner to an English serjeant of infantry, to whom he gave up his arms, and desired to be conducted immediately to the commanding officer of the piquet. By a singular instance of good fortune, this gentleman, though not in the same regiment with Ellesmere, was his intimate acquaintance—D'Alonville therefore had no sooner named him as his friend, as a man who knew him perfectly, and to whom he could account for his being taken as a pri-

soner from Valenciennes, than Captain W. offered to send for Ellefmere, to which D'Alonville instantly assented, and in about half an hour he arrived.—It would be difficult to do justice to the scene that now passed between the two friends.—D'Alonville gave Ellefmere and Captain W. a slight sketch of his adventures since he parted with the former in London.—The affection that Ellefmere had always professed for him, was unchanged; it even appeared to be encreased by all that he had since suffered. It was not however in his power to take him to his own tent, for he could still be returned only as a prisoner; but on a proper representation of his real situation to the colonel of the regiment by which he was captured, he was sent to join the corps of loyal emigrants, where he was immediately acknowledged by many of his former friends.

With them he continued as a volunteer, and thus found himself once more at liberty; possessed on behalf of his brother of considerable property, which he intend-

ed

ed to take the first opportunity of sending by some safe conveyance to England; and rescued from the evil he the most dreaded, that of passing, amid an indiscriminate multitude, as one of the perpetrators of the miseries that desolated France. Such a situation, after all he had undergone, and all he had apprehended, would have been comparative happiness, if he could have felt any sensation that resembled happiness, while his country groaned under accumulated evils; and while he believed Angelina was suffering the inconveniences of indigence, and the mortifications that follow it; for such appeared too probably to be the case from the letters which, the first moment they were alone together, Ellefmere had shewn him from Mrs. Denzil.—As he read these letters, the tenderness he had ever felt for Angelina returned with redoubled force. The strange scenes he had passed through since he parted with her, had so entirely occupied his mind, and he had almost every hour seen death so near him, that, though his lively

affection for Angelina, had never been diminished, it had assumed more of the languor of despairing recollection, than the sanguine eagerness of hope—but he now learned that Angelina still remembered him with tenderness: that her mother's favourable sentiments were unchanged; while the conversation he had with his friend, relative to her and her family, and the probability of seeing her once again, revived, and even encreased his passion, with his hopes.

But if the want of employment, by relaxing the mind, encourages the softer and weaker passions, that of which D'Alonville was sensible, received from thence no addition; for, during the tedious siege of Valenciennes, he was not a moment unoccupied, and was forward in every part of the business of a soldier, in which any of the French were employed.

Some days before the surrender of the place, he went one evening to pass a few moments of relaxation in the tent of his friend Ellefmere, who had told him in the morning

morning that he should not be on duty; but on reaching it, he found Ellesmere gone with some other officers to examine two deserters who had just escaped from the town.—He followed to the spot where they were, and heard the men relate their reasons for deserting. One of them was a foldier belonging to one of the old regiments, who declared that at the beginning of the revolution he had gone over, with many of his comrades, to the *soi disant* patriots, believing that it was for the good of his country; but that he had, since the death of the king, and the cruelty and madness of the leading men in the Convention, repented daily of the part he had taken, and desired nothing so much as to have an opportunity of quitting the defence of a cause that had fallen into the management of such men. He then gave a very clear and circumstantial detail of the last accounts Ferrand had received from Paris; and among other instances of the confusion and ferocity of the present government, he produced a

list of persons, members of the Convention, who had lately been executed. The second name in this list was that of De Bosse, of whose former life a circumstantial detail was given, and he was expressly said to have suffered, for the unpardonable crime of having received his brother, an emigrant ; of having taken him out of the hands of justice ; and entrusted him with valuable effects, with which he had sent him over to the enemy.

The next paragraph in the French newspaper which the deserter produced, gave a circumstantial detail of the execution ; and added, that the beautiful wife of citizen Du Bosse, by whom he had no children, had been divorced from him some time before his death ; had reclaimed her property, which had been granted her ; and that she had since married the patriotic citizen Rouillé, who had greatly contributed, by his *Roman virtue*, to the detection of this conspiracy against the republic, one and indivisible.

No doubt of these facts mingled itself
with

with the various emotions which agitated D'Alonville on reading this account of them. He felt that Du Bosse was still his brother ; and though the recollection, that by his cruel indifference to the happiness of his father, by boundless ambition, and hypocritical pretensions to a disinterested love of his country, he had deserved the fate that had overtaken him, alleviated the concern of D'Alonville ; his humanity and his natural affection forbade him even to appear indifferent at the recital. Ellefmere alone knew to what cause the emotion, which he could not conceal, was to be imputed ; and lest it should by others be ascribed to very different reasons, he gave D'Alonville an immediate opportunity of retiring, by giving him a message to a brother officer—D'Alonville understood him, and withdrew.

When he had executed the commission Ellefmere had given him, and was at liberty to reflect on what he had heard, these mixed emotions of concern and sur-

prise, were almost lost in a stronger sentiment, that of rage and indignation against Heuthofen, whose treachery in this last instance exceeded all the infamy of which D'Alonville had believed him capable. The earnest wish for an hour of general retribution against the monsters whose conduct disgraced human kind, was felt with redoubled force, when he added to it the hope of individual vengeance, and imagined the possibility of punishing, with his own hand, this apostate villain.

C H A P. XII.

———“ He has much land and fertile—It is a chough—but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

SHAKESPEARE.

A VERY few hours reflection served to reconcile D'Alonville to the fate of a man, who, though his brother, had so few claims to his regret. It was by the conduct of Du Bosse that the last moments of the Viscount de Fayolles had been embittered, if not accelerated; and when D'Alonville recalled to his memory the dying words of his father, it seemed as if the punishment of heaven had justly fallen on the ungrateful and unfeeling son. Another consideration would have reconciled to most men of D'Alonville's age, the loss of a much more valuable relation than he could ever have found in Du Bosse—this was the circumstance of being his heir, not

only to the whole of those extensive possessions in France, but to the property with which Du Bosse had entrusted him, with a view of securing it in England as a resource against the storm which he saw gathering, but which had burst upon him the sooner for those precautions. The estates of his family he hoped one day to regain; and the possibility of laying them at the feet of Angelina, brought, whilst he reflected on it, a thousand delicious visions of future happiness.—This, however, was barely a possibility. But what he had saved from the wreck of his family's personal property, and which was now undoubtedly his own, secured him against the immediate indigence to which so many of his countrymen were exposed; and it released him from the apprehension of being burthensome to his friends—from the humiliation of dependence, and its insupportable consequence, contempt.

Almost immediately on his escape from Valenciennes, he had given nearly
the

the whole of the valuable articles he had saved to Ellefmere, requesting him to send them to England; which had been done, and advice of their being delivered safely to his banker. This property, amounting to between three and four thousand pounds sterling, was now his own; and as in the present scene of incessant action, his life was every hour in hazard, he drew up a short testament, describing what he possessed, and the hands it was in; and, after bequeathing a valuable jewel to Ellefmere, in remembrance of their friendship, he gave the rest to Angelina Denzil, in testimony of his ardent, and unalterable affection. This paper he sealed up, and deposited with Ellefmere, giving him, at the same time, another copy of it to send to England; and, having settled all this, he returned with redoubled alacrity to the duties of his station.

A general assault of Valenciennes was now hourly expected; and from the obstinate resistance which the besieging

army had already experienced, they expected that the town would hold out to the last extremity. As the time might perhaps be short that they could pass together, D'Alonville took the opportunity of every little respite from duty to converse with Ellefmere, and avail himself of moments that would too probably return no more. He was with him when a large packet of letters were delivered to him from England—Ellefmere ran over the covers— from my father? said he, from my brother?—from my sister Elizabeth? D'Alonville could not help enquiring, if there was none from Mrs. Denzil? Ellefmere answered, no; “ But perhaps,” added he, “ some of my letters may speak of her and her family.”—He opened and read slightly over that from his father—It was short, and referred him to his brother's letter for intelligence, which, he said, could not fail to be pleasing to his son Edward. This being inspected, ran thus:—

DEAR

DEAR EDWARD,

THERE is nothing more highly gratifying to a man of a certain turn of mind, than to announce to any of its branches the prosperity of his family; and, when such a man has the very high satisfaction of knowing, that he has himself contributed to elevate, in the eyes of the world, the race from which he derives an honourable descent, this proud consciousness cannot but extremely increase the complacency with which he recurs to the past events of his life.

It has been my fortune to feel this sentiment, and I glory in it. I should be sorry to have cause to complain of any derogation in the other branches of the Ellefmere family; or to suppose, that the absurd predilection you have frequently shewn for strangers, should, for a moment, interfere with the interest you ought to take in the concerns of the family of which you are fortunate enough to be a member.

My

My sister Mary, since she has been under the auspices of Lady Sophia Ellesmere, has been addressed by two gentlemen of equal respectability, but of fortune so unequal, that she would not hesitate a moment between them, had not an invidious, and, I am well convinced, a false report obtained, that Mr. Melton formerly made an offer of his hand to some little obscure girl, whose very existence must have been unnoticed, had not her family been suffered, by an uneasy goodness and unresisting benevolence of my good friend, Lord Aberdore, to claim I know not what remote alliance to the illustrious house of his lordship.

Report, which in truth one equally contemns and detests, goes farther, and asserts (though its extreme incredibility destroys the assertion), that this person *refused* Mr. Melton, notwithstanding the immense disparity in their conditions; and refused him on account of her attachment to that Frenchman whom you inconsiderately introduced to your friends.

Nay,

Nay, it has been said, that a challenge afterwards passed between you and Mr. Melton, about that foreigner; and that it was with difficulty you were prevented from proceeding to an hostile discussion of the question, whatever it might be, between you. An officious old woman, a Mrs. Risby, has been so impertinent as to tell Mary all this. Her pride, which women ever place improperly, has taken the alarm; and she will not give her *ultimatum* to her lover, Mr. Melton, till this matter is cleared up. This you, brother Edward, can easily do; and I expect it of you, as does Sir Maynard.—I think I need say no more; however, it may not be amiss to point out to your observation, the advantages of an alliance between our family and that of Mr. Melton:

He possesses, in the counties of Gloucester and Worcester, between four and five thousand pounds a year, besides a borough, for which he brings two members into the House of Commons:

He is, though not heir to an Irish barony,

barony, yet within two of it; and the persons between him and this honour are old—and, though married, childless. He has in his gift church-preferment to the annual value of seven or eight hundred pounds. You will recollect, that Hugh is destined for the church—and make your own application.

I thought Mary had more sense than to have hesitated a moment about accepting all these advantages; but, as her ridiculous punctilio is so easily obviated, I wish to leave her no excuse.

Let me, then, hear from you immediately; that is, write such a letter as may satisfy this vain capricious girl, that Mr. Melton made no proposals to this Miss What-d'ye-call-her; and that the whole confused story she has heard from Mrs. Risby is untrue.

I am,

Dear Edward,

Your's,

H. M. W. ELLESMERE.

The existing circumstances require an immediate reply.

To

To this sententious letter, Ellefmere immediately settled what to answer. He then read his sister's, which contained not a word of what he wanted to know; and D'Alonville, who saw that his friend was vexed at something in his brother's letter, and that he had no chance of gaining any intelligence of Angelina, soon after left him.

Edward Ellefmere knew his sister too well not to be well assured, that some other reason had operated on her mind more powerfully than these vague stories, against her accepting a man who was so near an Irish barony, and actually possessed a fortune that would give her a right to enjoy all the pleasures and luxuries of life—that he guessed truly, the following letter will evince. Miss Mary never confided in her elder sister, but to the daughter of the clergyman of the next parish to Eddisbury-hall, a romantic girl of her own age, with whom she had agreed to correspond, when she went to London; she unveiled the various emotions
of

of her heart in tolerable spelling, and in a style partly formed from the light reading of the day, and partly from the conversation of the people she now lived among. Part of her letter described an assembly at which she had been:—"But what is all this?" continued she—"ah! what, my Jannetta, to the sentiments of the heart! Oh! Frederic!—could you but have seen him, my friend; could you but hear him, you would not for a moment be surpris'd at my wavering—he is amiable *to a degree*—there is in his manner so much fashion—so much elegance! He has only one brother, who is now serving in the army under the Duke of York. He declares, that he should really be sorry if any thing happened to his brother. With what gaiety, yet, with what proper feeling did he speak of his chance of being a peer of England, if this should be the case. It is true, that Mr. Melton is altogether unexceptionable as to his situation, and he has almost a certainty of having a title—then his fortune and interest—

interest—and my brother's partiality to him—besides that, I have really no objection to him.

But this Frederic Fitz-Raymond!—Oh! my Janetta, how unequally are the gifts of fortune divided! Fitz-Raymond protests, that he never loved till now; and how can I do otherwise than believe him? when *he*, who could without doubt marry the greatest heiress, attaches himself to your Mary; while I have every day assurances that Mr. Melton really *did* make his addresses to one of those Denzils—Ridiculous! one can hardly think it possible. My mother, Lady Sophia, and Miss Milfington, are amazed at my thinking of *this* as an objection; and the latter, (who certainly speaks from experience) assures me, I may live and die Mary Ellemere, if I wait till I find a man who has never before had an attachment—yet Frederic Fitz-Raymond is that man!” In short, the fact was, that the vanity and the *love* of the young lady were engaged on one side, her interest and ambition

ambition on the other ; but the scale was turned, not by her brother Edward's answer, which was carefully concealed from her, but by a still more mortifying circumstance : Her lover, the enchanting Frederic Fitz-Raymond, suddenly turned all his attention to a young widow, who, just at the period in question, returned to the world of fashion, with unimpaired beauty and a large jointure ; and Miss Mary Ellefmere had the humiliating assurance, that before the death of her husband, the man whose first affections she had believed were her's, had been the most constant attendant of this lady to whom he now paid serious addresses !—To relate such a circumstance to her, Janetta, was impossible—to recollect all she had written was painful—and the wisest thing she could do, was to accept Mr. Melton without hesitation ; on which, therefore, she immediately determined. The wedding was celebrated with splendour ; and Mr. Melton carried his bride to his seat in Worcestershire ; of which
fortunate

fortunate event Sir Maynard wrote to his son Edward, in terms highly expressive of his satisfaction.

A very short time afterwards, another event of equal importance and equal delight happened in this apparently prosperous family :—The rich manufacturer died, whose purchases near Eddisbury had so greatly disturbed the felicity of Sir Maynard Ellesmere, that, notwithstanding the arising prosperity, and accumulated places of his family, he felt, like the illustrious prince who continually addressed one of his courtiers :—

“ Sir, I am not Duke of Tuscany while you wear those spectacles.”

The old baronet was not Sir Maynard Ellesmere, while Mr. Nodes, whose money was obtained by making buttons, had the impertinence to buy land near the old family seat of the Ellesmeres of Eddisbury-hall, where he impudently built a better house than Eddisbury-hall itself ; placed a bust of Franklin in his vestibule (a vestibule in the house of a mechanic !) had

Ludlow

Ludlow, among his books, quoted Milton to his companions, and drank to the rights of man.

If the removal of a neighbour so obnoxious was an agreeable circumstance to the inhabitants of Eddisbury, it was followed by one much more so:—The house thus raised by button-making, becoming the property of a great number of the late owner's collateral relations, it was put up to sale, and purchased by a Mr. *Darnly*, who was just returned from a thirty years residence in India, with a great deal of money, and a resolution to marry, and found a family. In consequence of this, he changed the name of Grange-hill-house, to that of Darnly Park. The neighbours venerated his riches, though acquired, perhaps, by means somewhat less innocent than those of its late possessor, and agreed to forget, in favour of this regulation, the appellation of Button-Buildings, or Node's Folly, with which they had hitherto indulged their envy or their spleen.

Franklin and his round-heads were
wobul swept

swept away for ever. Instead of pictures of Price and Priestley, the aspiring Pagoda was represented on the painted sattin that covered the walls, and around them josses and mandarins of gold and ivory, nodded on brackets of or moulu.

Lady Ellefmere, ever attentive to the operations of her neighbours, while for the fate of Europe she felt no manner of concern, had contrived to obtain a complete catalogue of all these fineries as they arrived, and knew exactly in what apartments they were placed. And the bamboo chairs ; the curtains of japan muslin, lined with silk ; the beds of the most rare chintz, or rich sattin ; such immense jars as had never been seen in Staffordshire ; and then, *such* a side-board of plate !—all these had made a deep impression on the mind of the good lady of the hall. When she looked at the high-backed old fashion chairs, so long in use in Sir Maynard's family ; the carpet, which had been very handsome five and thirty years ago ; the damask curtains, faded and changed, and
beds

beds that were then thought superb, but were now *quite old-fashioned*, she was half sorry that there must be a continual comparison between the antiquities of Eddisbury-hall, and the modern beauties of Darnly Park ; and almost regretted the bust of Franklin, and the prints of Priestley, and of Price ; who could not, in point of respectability, be compared with all the noble personages who had borne for three centuries the name of Ellesmere, and of whom many were now represented among the ornaments of Eddisbury ; and from within the gilt timber of the massy frames that encompassed them, beheld with majestic gravity, or simpered with soft amenity,

“ As in the days of their Queen Anne ” —

On the ponderous moveables, or rather immovables, that seemed co-eval with themselves.

This discontent, though carefully stifled, yet won insensibly on the mind of Lady Ellesmere, and in proportion as the India cabinets and Persian silks multiplied at
Darnly

Darnly Park, would have become a very uneasy sensation, if the profound politician, her eldest son, had not suggested what she, good woman, nor even Sir Maynard himself would have been long in discovering; this was, that though Eddisbury-hall could not very conveniently be furnished like Darnly Park, yet, that from thence its most fair and most amiable ornament might be derived.—In a word, Mr. Darnly was unmarried, very rich, and wanted a wife. Where could he find one superior to the eldest nymph of Eddisbury, Elizabeth Ellesmere? It is true that Mr. Darnly was about fifty, though he owned but six-and-thirty. He was not handsome, being originally of a very dark complexion, which, by the little bilious complaints he had picked up in his various residencies, had become the deepest tint between orange, tawney, and black, that the cuticula of an European could possibly assume—but then he had fine large dark eyes; and if his figure was none of the most elegant and light, he was always well dressed,

talked well, nay, was even a respectable orator in Leadenhall-street—and, as to person, what signifies person? Mr. Darnly was very well for a man.

All this was so true, and the prospect of being mother-in-law to the possessor of such sweet things as were assembling at Darnly Park, was so pleasant, that Lady Ellesmere now thought of nothing else. One recollection, however, startled her—the long attachment of her daughter Elizabeth to another man, who, having now for years persisted in “her hopeless unhappy passion,” might, in the true spirit of romantic heroism, determine still—“To slight the Squire, and wed the Curate,” or at “least, to die a maid for his sake.”

This was to be guarded against by all that maternal prudence, and worldly wisdom could devise. The day before the meditated attack on the heart of Mr. Darnly, (with whom Mr. Ellesmere had taken care to cultivate an acquaintance in town, and who was now asked to dinner at Eddisbury, Sir Maynard having previously

ously left his card in due form,) Lady Ellefmere began a very long and very sensible discourse on the folly of young women, who, before they were judges of what would constitute their happiness, suffered themselves to be entangled in attachments which prudence and reason afterwards forbade; and, having finished the exordium, she glided into an eulogium on Darnly Park, and on the riches of its possessor; and then, coming to the point, communicated to her daughter the hopes her family had conceived, and the projects they meditated for the next day.

Miss Ellefmere was, it is true, very much in love; but she was a woman of sense; and women of sense at seven-and-twenty, are competent to the controul of weaknesses that run away with them at seventeen. So, as her lover had failed in one material point, that of determining to marry before he had got a benefice, or possessed his fortune (which a man very much in love ought, at least, to have offered), Miss Ellefmere affecting to feel a proper contest in her gentle bosom, between the fatal

affection so long nourished there, and her duty towards her family, consented to hear Mr. Darnly, if Mr. Darnly desired to be heard, and prepared for conquest, influenced perhaps a little by another motive than those she imagined she had yielded to—the mortification she had felt at seeing her sister Mary so well married before her. “The pensive Nun,” (for such was the character of countenance and dress that Miss Ellefmere had assumed since she had been “crossed in love,”) now adorned her face with finiles, and her person with the most fashionable habiliments sent down by Lady Sophia in honour of Miss Mary’s marriage. Anxious that every part of the family might appear to the best advantage, she overlooked, that morning, the simple dress of Theodora, who, though now admitted into company at the earnest request of her brother Edward, was still considered as a child, especially by her eldest sister.

“Do, Dora,” said she, “tie your sash better, my dear; you look quite a squab, I declare, and never mind how your things
are

are put on—and then your hair—I never saw such hair.”

“Dear sister,” cried Dora, “what would you have me do with it? I cannot make it look any better; you know mama won’t let me have it dressed and powdered.”

“Dressed and powdered!” exclaimed the eldest sister, “no, I think not, indeed! a pretty idea it would be to put powder in the hair of such a child!”

“No such child, neither,” murmured Dora, as she submitted her beautiful fair hair to the direction of Miss Ellesmere’s maid; “though, to be sure,” added she in a still lower key, “to be sure I am not almost thirty.”

Very vain are the projects of weak-fighted mortals—Mr. Darnly came, and saw, and was conquered, but not by the maturer beauties of the elder sister—the little wild Theodora, with her light flaxen hair half hiding her very fair face:—her childish manners, and innocent simplicity made, at the first interview, a slave of the Nabob of Darnly Park. There was not

much above five-and-twenty years difference in their ages, though there appeared, perhaps, a little more, “ because fair people always look *younger* than they are; and Mr. Darnly had lived so long in a hot climate, that he seemed older than he really was.” Mr. Darnly knew, that though it was so long since Sir Maynard had retired from it, that he was still a man of the world; he therefore made his proposals for Miss Theodora without hesitation; they were accepted, not only without hesitation, but with satisfaction greater than is usually felt even on these satisfactory occasions. Immediate preparations were made for celebrating these nuptials in a style of even greater splendour than those of Mrs. Melton. Theodora, when she looked in the face of her lover, was almost ready to cry; but, when she tried on the jewels he gave her, and contemplated the carriages, the servants, the houses, she was to be mistress of, she could not help shewing her childish joy, together with a degree of triumph over her eldest sister, which Miss Ellesmere affected

affected not to feel, while she took every opportunity of declaring how happy she was made by the singular good fortune of her dear little Dora; adding, that she hoped the amiable child would enjoy great felicity; for though, to be sure, Mr. Darnly had the character of being a sad libertine, yet that now being married to such a lovely young creature, he would undoubtedly reform, and, for her part, she should dedicate her whole life to her beloved and venerable parents, since she was the only daughter they had left, and to the pensive regret inspired by recollections of the promises of early life, wishing her sisters all happiness, but not feeling any degree of envy at the difference of their destinies.

This part, however hard to sustain, she went through with great courage. Theodora became mistress of Darnly-hall; and the delightful news of the completion of this marriage was sent to Edward Ellemere, before he had even heard that such an event was likely to happen.

C H A P. XIII.

Down many a weary steep to dungeons dank,
Where anguish wails aloud, and fetters clank;
To caves bestrew'd with many a mouldering bone,
And cells, whose echoes only learn to groan;
Where no kind bars a whispering friend disclose;
No sun-beam enters, and no zephyr blows.

DARWIN.

THE fortunate events that followed each other so quickly in the Ellemere family, had hardly ceased to occupy the good sort of middle-aged women and amiable young ladies in the neighbourhood of Eddisbury-hall; the very visits were but just over; and the remarks not yet finished of—"Dear, how lucky some people are! well, there are people who are born to be fortunate, and it is better to be fortunate than rich," when a very heavy calamity clouded the satisfaction of Sir Maynard and his eldest son: this was the death of his only grandson, who had never been a strong child, and whose

whose feeble health had been injured by the extreme care that had been given to its preservation. Mr. Ellesmere had five daughters; but this boy was the hope of his family—he was, therefore, extremely afflicted by his death, and whether the fatigues of his place (for he had now a place of fifteen hundred a year), or the deep thought on political matters, to which he gave himself up; whether it was that his frame was calculated only to last a certain number of years, or that its decay was accelerated by sorrow, certain it is, that he was immediately attacked by a lurking fever, which undermined his constitution; and the wasting atrophy seized him so quickly, that in five weeks he followed his son to the grave.

This news was of course communicated to his brother, now heir to the title, and the greater part of the estate of the Ellesmere family. It fell, however, to D'Alonville's lot to open these dispatches; for when they arrived at Ostend, where, by this time, both he and his friend were,

Edward Ellefmere was not in a condition to read them.

To account for this, the transactions of the last six or eight weeks must be recollected. Ellefmere and D'Alonville were in the victorious army that entered Valenciennes in July. They were then ordered to Dunkirk; and, on the fifth of September, in sustaining the Austrians, the regiment in which Ellefmere was, suffered extremely. The impetuosity of the men was not to be restrained. Ellefmere, in endeavouring to form his troop, who were dismounted, and to lead them up to the walls, whither they were confusedly running, received a musket shot through his shoulder, while another broke his arm. He fell with the violence of the last blow, and was left bleeding on the ground; when D'Alonville, who was about an hundred yards from him, heard a soldier, as he ran by, exclaim, that Captain Ellefmere was killed, and the Austrians already stripping him. It was impossible for him to leave his post, insensible of his own danger; the

the loss of a friend so deservedly beloved, was more painful at that moment than death itself. In an instant, however, the retreat became general; and D'Alonville, without further consideration, ran towards the spot where he thought he should find his dying friend. He saw him a little farther sitting on the ground, and leaning against a soldier—he was sensible, but either so stunned by the blow, or so weak from loss of blood, that he could not speak—He smiled, however, when he saw D'Alonville, and held out his other hand. “He must be moved instantly,” cried D'Alonville, in his imperfect English. “Aye, that you *may* say, my dear boy,” answered the Irish soldier, who supported him, “for, by Jafus! now there's a party of French horse coming down pell mell upon us, and we shall make work for their broad swords; as for you, honey, I think you'd best take to your heels.” “*You* may,” cried D'Alonville, “if you chuse it; but I shall not leave Captain Ellesmere.—My dear friend, can you
N 6 walk,”

walk?" added he; "let us try to lead you away; I trust you are not wounded more than I perceive." Ellefmere assented, by a nod, to try to walk; and the Irishman, who was a very strong fellow, assisted by D'Alonville, lifted him upon his legs, and led him for near an hundred paces, when he fainted away.

"This is unfortunate," cried D'Alonville. "Come, my friend, we must carry him between us—can you get no other assistance?" Two or three other soldiers now ran up; but at the same moment the body of French horse, which had sallied from the town, came thundering upon them; and seeing an emigrant (easily distinguished from the rest by his uniform), they flew towards him, and endeavoured to cut him down. D'Alonville, while he continued to support Ellefmere with one hand, till he was taken from him by a soldier, defended himself with the other; and with his pistol shot the first assailant through the body; but the second aimed a stroke of a sabre with so much success, that

that he cut him deeply in the neck ; and the attack of a third would perhaps have been more fatal, but that a party of Austrian horse having rallied, came galloping up, and the French, inferior in numbers, were glad to relinquish their vengeance, and secure their own safety, by scampering back to the town as fast as they could.

D'Alonville, though he lost a good deal of blood, was sure that the wound he had received was of no great consequence. He hung over his friend, who he feared was dead, in the greatest agitation of mind. At length, Ellefmere was placed upon a table in the place appropriated for an hospital ; and a surgeon attending, D'Alonville had the satisfaction of knowing, that his arm need not be amputated, but that the wound in the shoulder seemed of a more alarming nature, as their first efforts to extract the bullets failed, and Ellefmere, so faint, that they were for that time compelled to desist from the attempt. In a few hours
they

they expected to be more successful, as Ellefmere would then be more able to bear the extreme anguish that it must occasion; but before this period arrived, a general retreat became necessary, and the wounded, in whatever condition they might be, were removed—first to Furnes, and then to Ostend; where, after many perils and severe sufferings on the part of Ellefmere, he was at length placed out of immediate danger of being massacred by the enemy, as was but too probable, had he fallen into their hands; and D'Alonville, being a volunteer, was at liberty on obtaining permission, to attend him, which he did with fraternal affection. The wound he had received himself was soon healed, and even during its cure, his youth and good constitution enabled him to give his whole attention to the situation of his friend; which continued very precarious, from the extreme difficulty the surgeons found in extracting the balls, that had carried with them pieces of the cloth of his coat—a circumstance that rendered

rendered his final cure long doubtful, and extremely tedious. His fever ran very high for more than three weeks; and it was much longer before D'Alonville was convinced he was out of danger; while he still suffered from the fever, the intelligence arrived of the unexpected death of his elder brother; and it was some days before he was in a condition to be told of it, though such news is not usually accounted among the afflictions of modern young men.

When Edward Ellefmere was informed of what had happened, he did not affect what he did not feel—immeasurable concern for the loss of a brother he could not love. He felt, however, for his father, to whom he knew that was a cruel blow; but for the rest of the parties concerned he made himself easy, by recollecting, that his mother would relieve herself by talking about it to Mrs. Gregson, the lawyer's wife, and Mrs. Perks, the lady of the apothecary at the neighbouring town; while Lady Sophia would assuage or
suspend

suspend her grief, by consultations with Miss Milfington on the best shops to purchase the various articles for family mourning, and finally, how to adjust her own in the most becoming manner.

Not long after the news of this event, D'Alonville, finding Ellefmere so much recovered that he could leave him, took the opportunity of going to Bruges, where he had business with some of his countrymen, and where he was to meet the commander of his corps in which he had been a volunteer, meaning to take a temporary dismissal in order to attend Ellefmere to England, whither he now proposed to go as soon as he was in a condition to undertake the journey, and whither he earnestly pressed his friend to accompany him.

Having settled what he came about, he sauntered round the town with one of his acquaintance, waiting the departure of the treescoote that was to carry him back to Ostend—when passing through an obscure street, he heard a hollow and
mournful

mournful voice repeat his name, in that kind of dejected tone which is used when we speak without a hope of being attended to.—The words seemed to come from beneath the ground—D'Alonville started, and looked about him for the person that spoke—he again heard himself called; and at length at a window, of which only about two feet appeared above the earth, and which was so closely barred that hardly any light entered at it, he saw a person who would have stretched out his hand towards him, but the grates denied that, and he could only faintly repeat the name of D'Alonville—adding, a moment afterwards, in a still fainter tone—“Have you forgot Carlowitz, your acquaintance from Poland, who was once so much obliged to you?”

“No, surely, I have not,” replied D'Alonville; “though, indeed, I am much concerned to see you in such a place; I hardly dare to ask what I am to call it.”

“A prison,” answered the unhappy Carlowitz, “where I have now been confined

finned many weeks." "I tremble to ask after your amiable daughter," said D'Alonville; "is she at Bruges?" "Ah! my poor Alexina!" replied Carlowitz, in a tremulous voice—"She is indeed at Bruges, but in what a situation!"—"She is not, however, with you in the prison? enquired D'Alonville—"No, but I fear indeed I know but too well, that her situation is as deplorable as my own; though when she comes to weep at this grate, she tries to conceal her sufferings. D'Alonville now wished to ask at once many questions, how he could immediately relieve Carlowitz; where he could see Alexina; and what he could do for them both? He sent away his two friends, requesting of them to go and give up the place he had taken in the boat; and determining not to leave Bruges till he had alleviated, if he could not entirely relieve, the present calamities of Carlowitz and his daughter; he entered into this generous design with all the enthusiasm of his character.

The story he heard from Carlowitz, to
whom

whom, with great difficulty he got admission, was very simple ; “ I found,” said he, “ my reception at Vienna extremely cold ; my wife’s relations offered to take Alexina, indeed, but I found it would be only to treat her as an humble dependant ; Alexina thought she could bear any hardship she might encounter with me, better than this humiliating situation. To live upon the charity of people of whom she knew nothing, but that their principles and ideas were altogether different from those in which she had been educated ; while on those I professed, and which had been the occasion of my abandoning my country, they looked with abhorrence. We accepted nothing from them but what they appeared even desirous of giving us ; a small sum of money to carry us to Paris, where I thought I should have found in the new land of freedom, persons in whom I should meet congenial sentiments, and be admitted to serve the cause in which my whole soul was engaged ; but how cruelly I was disappointed, you may imagine,

gine,

gine, when I tell you that I quitted almost immediately a place where I saw and heard actions and language more inimical to the cause of the real liberty and happiness of mankind, than could have proceeded from the united efforts of every despot that had ever insulted the patience of the world.—I then, with my poor girl, crossed the kingdom of France, and arrived here, in the intention of going to England.—I will not describe to you all the inconveniences to which my Alexina was exposed; but she bore them with heroic fortitude; and when she saw me distressed and affected by beholding her reduced to the condition of a miserable wanderer, she smiled, and declared herself a thousand times happier than she could have been by remaining at Vienna. When we arrived here, I was compelled to incur debts—and I found myself treated as a spy and a disaffected person. The poor have no friends; I was arrested and thrown into this dungeon about five weeks ago.—The people here are too much engaged at this time to attend.

tend to the administration of civil justice, and I believe the reasons of my imprisonment have never been even enquired into. There are two other unhappy men confined with me in these unwholesome dungeons, who have been here for many months; one of them is dying in that dark cavern, and the other agreed with me to watch alternately at the window (if window it may be called), in hopes of exciting the pity of some passenger; when I had the good fortune to see and recollect you."—D'Alonville shuddered at this relation, and at the wretched appearance of the unfortunate Carlowitz.—He assured him that he would not quit Bruges till he had effected his relief; bade him rely with confidence on Ellesmere's friendship, and who had perhaps more power than he had; and having taken a direction where to find Alexina, and done what he could to make the condition of Carlowitz more tolerable for the night, he quitted him to go in search of his daughter.

Alexina had interested in her behalf a
sisterhood

sisterhood of Beguins ; who, touched with her filial piety and dignified resignation to a destiny so deplorable, had employed her in this convent in such works as she could perform ; but since the town had been full of sick and wounded prisoners, she had attended one of these charitable nuns in administering to the wretched victims of war : and when this pious task was over, in which she had but too near a view of every species of human misery, the evening closed with a visit at the grate of her father's prison.

It was there that her fortitude sometimes forsook her for a moment, when she saw his pallid countenance and emaciated figure—and when in a tremulous voice he assured her he was well, and suffered nothing when he could look on her ; she could with difficulty stifle the groans of anguish that were ready to burst from her heart ; “ Is this,” would she have said, “ is this the reward of years of unblemished virtue and integrity ? Is this dungeon, where, to draw breath is to inhale disease, to be the last

last scene of a life passed in acts of beneficence, and now sacrificed to public virtue?—while so many profligate and worthless men are enjoying the favours of fortune, my father perishes unheard, unpitied, and unknown—without any other crimes than poverty, and the love of his unhappy country.”—Such were the melancholy reflections that depressed the heart of Alexina—but she endeavoured to disguise the anguish of that heart, and spoke of hope and comfort she was far from feeling.—She sometimes had made interest with a good priest who had promised his endeavours to release her father; and sometimes had engaged the Beguine, to whom she had attached herself, to apply to the superior of her order on his behalf, that his situation might be made known to the magistrates.—Carlowitz heard her relate these projects with mingled admiration and concern: he did not discourage them, since they seemed to amuse her sorrow, but he well knew that from such expedients he had nothing to hope.—All the
little

little earnings of Alexina were expended in procuring for her father such comforts as they could purchase, which every evening she carried to him herself—without this alleviation he would probably have perished long before the period when D'Alonville fortunately discovered him.—When D'Alonville was introduced to this unfortunate but admirable woman, he found her extremely changed in her person, but her understanding seemed to have acquired strength, from misfortunes which would have overwhelmed a less elevated spirit; in contemplating her [tall but slender form, he thought with wonder on the fortitude of mind which had supported so delicate a frame, through a long series of such hardships as she had encountered; and while his zeal in her service, and that of her father, was redoubled by the conversation he had with her, he was delighted to think that his exertions, should they be successful, would gratify his friend Ellesmere, who, though he had never any expectation of seeing

Alexina

Alexina again, had frequently mentioned her to Ellefmere as a woman for whose welfare, short as his acquaintance had been with her, he should ever feel the liveliest interest—and sometimes when the beauty or merit of women to whom he occasionally was introduced, became the subject of their conversation, Ellefmere had compared their persons and manners with those of the interesting Poloneze, to whom he had always given the preference.

Alexina had learned to converse in French in travelling through that country, not indeed with the correctness of a native, but so as to be extremely well understood, and with an accent which, though peculiar, D'Alonville thought the most agreeable he had ever heard from a foreigner. This acquisition accelerated extremely the release of her father, as by this means D'Alonville learned many circumstances of which he must otherwise have remained ignorant, or have learned through a medium which might have misrepresented them. He availed himself with so much

zeal and expedition of every advantage this and his having command of ready money afforded him (for he had obtained from England a sufficient credit for all his present purposes), that at the expiration of the fourth day from his fortunate discovery of Carlowitz, he had the infinite satisfaction of seeing him at liberty. Nothing then remained but to wait another day at Bruges, to procure more decent apparel for both father and daughter. The latter indeed had for some time adopted the long gown of coarse grey cloth, worn by the "Sisters of Mercy," in which she appeared with more true dignity than an infinite number of those insipid moppets of fortune, who exhaust their tradesmen's imagination and patience in devising new ornaments, to give, for one day, to their mean and insignificant figures that consequence which nature has denied.—But as this was not a dress in which Alexina could appear at Ostend, whither D'Alonville had prevailed on her father to accompany him, he contrived by sister Ernestina, the good Beguine,

Beguine, to prevail on her to accept the means of procuring other apparel, for she had parted with all her own for her father's support. Many, many months had passed since D'Alonville had found himself so happy as he was, when he handed her into the boat that was to carry to Ostend her and her father, who followed her with eyes overflowing with tears, that all his misfortunes had never called forth.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.



begin to prevail on her to accept the
means of procuring other apparel for the
and parted with all her own and her father's
clothing. The next morning she had packed
since D. Alcorn had found himself
happy as he was, when he handed her into
the boat that was to carry to Oxford her
and her father, who followed her with eyes
overlooking with tears that all his
things had never called for.

(1-4)

XX

X1.85

I.81

Smith, Charlotte

The banished man A novel

Bd.: 3.

London 1795

P.o.angl. 382 h-3

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10750201-3